

Eureka! A Respectable Paper for our Boys and Young Men!



New York

BOYS STORY PAPER

WORLD OF SPORT.

Vol. I.

Adams and Company, Publishers,
98 William Street.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1878.

\$2.50 a Year.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

No. 3.

ROD AND LINE.

BY VICTOR MELVILLE.

The king on his throne may happy be,
But to me on the bank is the home for me;
A turf seat by the river is well,
When the sky is gray and the breeze is cool;
With not a sound in the lonely wood
To frighten the shy and glancing brood
That deep in the glassy water plays
Where my line, with its fly, so slyly lays.
They call me an idler—say I shirk!

My share of the boys' distasteful work.
With rod on shoulder I never tire
But trudge for hours through bog and mire,
Nor care for the rain, that light and fine,
Forstells success with my rod and line,
Till I reach the brook where leap about
And dart and glimmer the speckled trout.

There, all alone, I sit me down,
Now with my fly rods in town;
The frog comes out and sits at my side,
The water-lilies open wide.
The beetle tumbles his queer round head,
The birds in the still wood chirp and call,
And there I sit with my rod and line
While the bliss of the angler-boy is mine.

I hold the rod with a patient will,
I play the line with a patient skill,
And every now and then I land
A finny prize for my eager hand.
Oh, kings on royal feasts may dine
And wash them down with purple wine,
But a dish of trout to the hungry boy
Who caught the fish, is a keener joy!

effort to rise from the ground, which was frustrated by his extreme weakness. Govinda extended his hand and assisted him up to a sitting posture, when the young man felt a great deal better, and began to look round him.

He started, and the blood rushed to his heart, as he saw Luchmee lying on the ground not six feet from her, her hands bound fast with the very scarf she had used to strangle him, but otherwise unfettered, though she lay crouched together as if in mortal terror, still as death, only her wonderful dark eyes, large and piteous as those of a dying antelope, roving from his face to that of the tiger-tamer as if asking for mercy. The secret of her passive condition was explained a moment later when the girl incautiously moved her head to shake off an intrusive musketo. Instantly Seevah uttered one of her

leader, who boasted that he could pull any cavalier from his horse, single-handed. He tried it with me once, and I caught him with my sword so that I ripped open his chest like the door of a house. He caught her well, for she is a queen among her fellows in India than the Enchantress who devoured children alive."

"But she is already punished," urged Charlton, on whose face the piteous pleading dark eyes were already producing their effect.

Govinda turned and regarded him intently, then shrugged his shoulders.

"So!" he said, dryly, "the spell of Luchmee is on you, it seems; and you will not be warned."

Charlton's color came faintly into his face, as he replied:

"As you will," answered Govinda, shortly. "I hope you may not repent it."

He turned away into the jungle, followed by Seevah, leaving Charlton standing in the road where the prostrate girl, just as the troopers of the Rajah's guard came into sight, galloping up, and leading Alborak.

Charlton's mind was agitated by a tempest of emotions as his men approached; gratitude for his escape, a mixture of anger and admiration toward the strange assailant whose beautiful fenders had brought his pride so low, and a determination to punish her in his own way.

"Stand up," he said to her, while his men were still some distance off, and the girl sprung to her feet, with the ease and agility of her long gymnastic training. "I give you your life," he said, quietly, to her. "You sought

Wallah! Fool, do you think you can take the queen of the Nautch-girls?"

Then she fled into the jungle, leaving Charlton gazing after her like a fool, for he had allowed her to get away, and was still too weak to follow on foot.

Just then his men came thundering up leading Alborak, and many were the expressions of delight at his safety uttered by the swarthy Mahattra horsemen, who had been frightened to death by the spectacle of the riderless steed, and leading Alborak.

However, they received little or no satisfaction from their chief as to his adventures, until he had called for a flask of arrack and taken a long pull of the fiery liquor. This seemed to restore his strength at once, by toning up his nervous system, which alone had suffered through the strangling of Luchmee.

"I have been set on by Thugs and rescued by Govinda, the tiger-tamer," was his only explanation. "Search the jungle here for a woman and bring her to me."

The men uttered a cheer and rushed into the jungle on Luchmee's track, hacking a path for themselves with their keen tulwars, but unable to effect anything without great difficulty.

Then, for the first time, Charlton became aware of a strong smell of smoke from the jungle behind him, in which Govinda had disappeared, and he heard the loud crackling of flames mingled with the cries of wild beasts.

The jungle was on fire!

CHAPTER IX.

A JUNGLE FIRE.

To say that Charlton was startled at the discovery of the jungle being on fire is not enough. For a moment his heart seemed to stand still with terror, for he knew at once that he and all with him were in the most frightful peril. The tall *surput* grass, which grows in the jungle to a length of eight or nine feet, was parched by the intense heat of the long sun, and yellow hay, dry as tinder, which most of the underbrush was more or less withered. Only the tall teak trees remained green and fresh above, for their roots struck deep down to the springs below. As for the bamboo thickets, Charlton could hear them crackling as loud as distant musketry, as the flames exploded the air contained in their hollow joints, and turned their juices into steam.

Already, as he looked back, dense clouds of smoke were driving over the road to Jagpore, and far away down its course he could see the red flames leaping from the jungle border, and licking up the grass in the road. It was clearly impossible to return to Jagpore, except through the fire.

Could he stay where he was?

He looked up at the jungle, and the look answered his question ere it was well formed in his mind. He could see nothing but a dense cloud of smoke not a hundred feet off, through which red tongues of flame were shooting up to a height of thirty or forty feet. It was clear that he must flee on the road to Benares if he hoped to save his life, even for a little while. He had no need to issue an order, for his men saw the peril as well as he, and the Sirdar Hamet Khan, his trusty lieutenant, called out to him:

"We must ride for the tank of Sultan Tippoo, or we shall be burnt alive, Sahib."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the whole party turned their horses' heads and tore away at breakneck speed on the road to Benares.

For some minutes they were racing with the fire, which they could hear tearing through the jungle about a hundred yards on their right, though it did not seem to be approaching the road. One reason of this was that the ground rose up in that direction and that the flames naturally crept up hill faster than down the slope, but Charlton noticed that the road climbed a little hill ahead of them, and knew that the ground fell away to the right into a low valley full of matted *surput* grass and dry bushes.

As he thought of this, he dug his spurs into Alborak, and the whole party flew rather than galloped up the hill till they came to the top. Before them lay a steep, stony *nullah* or ravine, crossing the road at the foot of the declivity, bare of vegetation and running down toward a broad, glittering sheet of water, known as "the tank of Sultan Tippoo," and famous as the resort of wild water-fowl of all kinds.

They were none too soon in reaching the summit of the hill, for as they did so Charlton heard a loud, roaring noise, and looking back saw that the fire had reached the valley grass, leaping across it and sweeping up the hill with the speed of an express-train.

The horses squealed with new terror, dashing away, reckless of control, toward the stony ravine and the distant pond, in the blind instinct of all hunted animals to take to water.

Away they clattered through the ravine, and as they did so the fire reached the top, and the smoke came whirling down on their heads, choking and blinding them. They galloped on, following a rough path, only sensible of the fact that there was no vegetation round them, and that they were therefore safe from a fiery death, though suffocation seemed almost as imminent as ever.

They could hear that the flames had leaped the ravine and were tearing along toward Benares, and then Charlton saw through the smoke the gleam of the waters in the tank of



AMID THE VIVID FLASHES OF THE LIGHTNING, CHARLTON LAID HIS HAND ON LUCHMEE'S SHOULDER.

furious cavernous growls, sounding as if they came from the bowels of the earth, and made a motion toward Luchmee as if about to annihilate her. The girl shrank together in mortal terror, the sweat rolling down in streams from her dark face; but a word from Govinda restored the animal's placidity, and Charlton began to understand the secret of the seeming attack on the Rajah of Jagpore in the amphitheater. The tigress had been taught to display on occasion a ferocity that Govinda was careful to limit to mere show, in order to retain his control over her.

Nevertheless, the tones of the animal were so terribly real that the young soldier forgot his weakness and tottered up to his feet, where he stood swaying to and fro, supported by Govinda.

After a few minutes the weakness went off and he began to feel sympathy for Luchmee; the girl looked so helpless and beautiful. He cleared his throat and tried to speak, but his voice came hoarse and low, so that he could hardly hear himself.

"What are you going to do with her?" he asked.

"She ought to be hung to yonder tree in her own noose," said the tamer, sternly. "Her father was Buksha Khan, a notorious Thug

"She has failed in her attempt, and I shall never be in danger from her again, for I shall know her and she dare not approach me."

Govinda laughed sardonically.

"Where is your horse?" he asked. "You had him here, and now you are on foot. How will you get back to Jagpore, with the Thugs after you and the sun low in the sky? Do you think I will give you now that you know them? Man, I tell you that the moment you stir fifty feet from this tigress of mine, you are in danger, until your horse comes back."

"But, if I wait here long enough, there is a party of my men coming up for me," urged Charlton.

The tamer's countenance cleared up at once, and he seemed to be much relieved as he heard the distant trampling of horse, that announced the approach of the escort.

"Very well," said he, gravely; "then I will leave you to them, and take Seevah with me, for she cannot endure horses. As for this woman, leave her to me, and I will take her to the jungle and execute justice on her."

"Nay, not so, good Govinda," cried Charlton, eagerly, for the pleading dark eyes were beginning to have their effect on him. "She has not harmed you, but me. Give her to me, and I will answer that she is harmless."

mine, but in my country we hold it shame to strike a woman. Will you ever attempt my life again?"

Luchmee's beautiful eyes filled with tears, as she fell on her knees and ejaculated:

"Never, great lord, never. Forgive poor Luchmee, and she will be your slave forever and ever, to do all my lord's wishes."

"Will you come back with me to Jagpore in the midst of my soldiers and give up the names of your accomplices?" asked Charlton, sternly.

Luchmee began to weep bitterly.

"Any thing, any thing, dread lord. The wicked old moonshee, Mirza Baba, deceived me, and I will tell you all."

Instantly, Luchmee's countenance changed to an expression of alarm.

"The Ingalee Sahib! No, no! The Rajah! He can judge me."

"He can do no such thing," said Charlton, sharply. "I believe he is in league with you. You go to Sir Douglas."

The horses were coming up fast, when Luchmee suddenly started to her feet, bound as she was, and cried, with a scornful laugh:

"Take me then to him, Burra Sahib Lera!

Sultan Tippoo, and heard the mad rushing of the wild beasts of the jungle, driven from their coverts by the flames toward the protecting lagoon.

A few moments later, Alborak was standing knee-deep in the tank, trembling violently and panting with his rapid gallop, while all round the horsemen were cowering and splashing tigers and antelopes, wolves and deer, jackals and buffaloes, wild boars and hares, side by side and regardless of each other, huddled together in a common terror, and gazing panic-stricken at the black clouds of smoke that came driving over the lake, shutting out the sunlight and making every thing murky.

Charlton could not bear to look long on account of the acrid character of the smoke, which injured his eyes, but he noticed that the cloud was getting darker and darker, while the flames were less and less conspicuous, and a hoarse rumbling of thunder began to be audible.

At once he comprehended that a new danger was coming, by no means uncommon in India. The heat of the jungle-fire had operated to disturb the nice balance of the atmosphere prevalent at the end of the hot season, and an Indian tempest was approaching, to put an end to the fire.

Charlton had seen these tempests before, and he knew that the rain came down in sheets, flooding the country in a few minutes and raising rivers twenty or thirty feet in a single hour.

And he remembered that he was in the mouth of a ravine at least seventy feet deep, made by the action of water in just such tempests!

He had not very long to think, for in another moment a terrible darkness fell over the scene, a gloom as of midnight, and Charlton knew, though he could not see it, that the great black tornado-cloud was sweeping across the zenith and shutting out the sun.

But still the fire kept on roaring away, and the smoke settled thicker than ever over the scene, weighed down by the oppressive sultry air that preceded the storm. The soldiers could hardly breathe, and Charlton was fain to imitate the blind instinct of the wild beasts, by slipping off his horse and bringing his face down to the very edge of the water, to catch a breath of air. As he came down he rested his hand on some animal's back, and found himself beside a wild tiger, that was huddled up close to the deer and hiding itself beneath the waters in an agony of fear. Alborak was so completely quieted by the same potent spell that he did not offer to kick his master; so there was the whole mass of animals and men in this strange fellowship, while overhead swept along the majestic torna-

do-cloud.

Presently a broad white flame, blinding in its intensity, illumined the scene, and Charlton saw the clouds of smoke, the burning trees, the huddled animals and the awe-stricken faces of his own men as plainly as if there were no veil between them and him. Then the darkness and the crash of the thunder came together, and down came the rain, in an apparently solid sheet of water.

The relief from the previous sense of suffocation was almost instantaneous, and for a few moments the coolness of the rain seemed delightful; but as soon as the mighty tempest had beaten down fire and smoke with its own overwhelming force, a new peril arose. The animals seemed to be sensible of it, for they began to move out of the lake, screaming confusedly along, and Charlton realized the reason when he felt the waters rising rapidly to his armpits, whereas they had only touched his waist before.

The darkness was as intense as ever, save when the flashes of electricity made the scene momentarily visible, and Charlton saw by one of these gleams that his men were trying to follow the example of the animals, moving to higher grounds.

As quickly as he could, he climbed on Alborak, gave the intelligent Arab his hand and quickly realized that the horse's instant was taking them both to safety, for he felt the water falling lower and lower, as Alborak splashed along. By the occasional gleam of the lightning, he became aware that he was climbing a bank into the burnt jungle, where skeletal trees waved their blackened arms in the midst of the tempest, and where the ground was reflected deep in gray ashes, rapidly turning to mud. His men were all round him, and Hamet Khan shrieked into his ear amid the roar of the tempest some words of comfort and advice which he failed to understand.

Then a great black cloud seemed to come leaping down the hill where he was, and in a moment the whole party was stricken by a cold blast of wind, laden with sharp hailstones and mud, that caught man and horse as if they had been straws and snote them to the earth or whirled them away into the lake.

Charlton felt himself going helplessly, and in another moment he was out in the lake, parted from his horse and struggling against the waves raised by the tornado.

Instinctively, he struck out, and his hands touched something hard and floating, which he recognized as the trunk of a tree. With the desperation of a drowning man, he clung to it, and had the satisfaction of feeling that the cold blast was passing over, followed by another from an opposite quarter that felt as if it came from the mouth of a steam boiler, wet and hot.

Bad as this last was, it was not so intolerable as the cold blast, and he made shift to crawl up on the floating log, when he felt himself comparatively secure from immediate death, and able to watch the abating tempest.

As he gazed around him at the blue-black velvety clouds driving past overhead, seemingly a few feet above him, a white flash of lightning revealed to him that the log had other occupants, and that one of them was a human figure. He crawled along the log during the next interval of darkness, and the flash that followed illuminated the well-known figure of Luchmee, the Queen of the Naga-ghris, her gay robes torn to tatters, her hair hanging loose and bedraggled over her shoulders, while close beside her covered a leopard, crowding up against her as if anxious for sympathy and companionship in the presence of the common danger.

Luchmee's back was turned to the young soldier, and she did not seem to be aware of his presence till he was near enough to touch her.

Then, amid the vivid flashes of the lightning and the crashing of the Indian thunder, Charlton laid his hand on Luchmee's shoulder, and she turned, with a violent start, and recognized the man she had tried to murder!

The beautiful demon, alone with the soldier in the midst of the tempest, shrunk down and cowered close to the wild beast, covering her face with her hands as if to shut out the sight, while the faint light at the northern edge of the clouds showed that the storm was beginning to break.

CHAPTER X.

THROUGH THE TEMPEST.

WHEN the two men who had intruded into Govinda's lonely kingdom in the jungle began to climb the tree, little Ali was already high up among the branches and hiding behind the main trunk. The child, brought up in the jungle, had much of the instinct of a wild animal, and behaved toward his pursuers just as a squirrel would do, slowly and silently circling the trunk as he listened to the men climbing, and always keeping the tree between them and himself. Now and then he would peer round over the forks of the branches to watch, and noted that his enemies were hunting for him as his knees, sobbing out:

"Ali! Ali! my child is gone."

Crash went the noble teak tree, as the tornado struck it at that moment, leveling it to the earth, and Seevah flattened herself out as the wind swept over her, while Govinda instinc-

tively threw himself on his face in the gray mud.

The fury of the tornado passed over them as they lay there, as it had over Charlton; and then at last the heat broke from the north, and the tempest knew that the storm was breaking as quickly as it had come.

He rose up, and as he did so the tigress snuffed the air eagerly toward the south, from whence the wind was now blowing with much less force. Govinda started and watched her, for the beast began to utter a peculiar purring sound that she never manifested toward any but himself or the tiger.

The tigress snuffed still more eagerly and began to tug at her chain, and a spasm of hope passed over the countenance of the trainer.

"He was not in the tree," he cried, aloud.

"We will find him yet!"

Then man and tigress rushed over the ashes and mud on the trail of the lost child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

Not numerous years, nor lengthened life,
Nor pretty children, nor a wife;
Nor wealth, nor titles and the like rings,
Nor a such like trumpery things;
Nor pipe, cigar nor bottled wine;
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest, or trim cravat;
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor a such like Squire, Sir, or Squire,
With titles that the memory tries,
Nor ancestry traced back to Will;
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor Latin, Greek nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er,
Nor college's name nor o'er the mace,
Nor crook that deck the royal race;
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race;
A soul of beauty and of grace;
A spirit firm, erect and free;
That never basely bends the knee;
That never bows to the weight
Of slavery's chain, for small or great;
That firmly speaks of God with him;
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That dares to speak the truth;
That trembles not at tyrant's nod—
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse and ban;

—*Providence Journal.*

Old Diagonal.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

RAMBLING among the Rocky Mountains, I came in contact with one of the queerest characters I had ever met in that region of noted originals. He belonged to the genus trapper, and its purest species—the regular "mountaineer man," who knows of no other world. This personage was a man of large, sinewy frame, not ill-proportioned; but his countenance was strikingly hideous—owing to a scar that traversed diagonally across it, as if made by some rough-edged weapon, which, on passing over his left eye, had altogether extinguished it. The odd eye, however, had enough light left in it to make up for the missing one; at all events, it showed sufficient of rolicking dare-devilism to account for his having received such a wound, and also that he was still ready to give or take such another. The man was by no means of a wicked disposition—only reckless and a little regardless of the amenities and conventionalities of civilized life. Otherwise, he had many good qualities, honesty among the number, while his skill as guide, hunter, and trapper, was not surpassed by any of the "mountain men."

I was told, that he had been even a good-looking fellow, before meeting with the misfortune that caused his deformity. I had met this man at several of the fur-trading posts, where he came to dispose of his pelts, and where he was called "Dagger Nell" by his trapper companions. As the name sounded strange, and was evidently a *scabriquet*, I fancied it must be in some way connected with the scar upon his face.

I became curious about it; and, on meeting him again at Bent's Fort, I laid myself out for obtaining an explanation. I had no difficulty in approaching him upon the subject, as we had more than once smoked the pipe of peace, and taken a friendly drink, together.

"So, young feller, yo want to know how I kum by the name o' Dagger Nell? 'Tain't my maiden name—the yore's right; for it air Nelson Potter—leastwise, that's what the old folks christened me when I war a pup. Thar's mighty few up hyar in the mountains as knows it now a days; an' them as did hav' long since giv' up callin' me by it. At Laramie, I'm Dagger Nell; Dagger Nell I by from the Winnebago country down to the Navagh. Howsoever, Nelson Potter war my appellation, an' I wa'n't seen a bad-lookin' feller neyther, till I bu'sted my face by a owdacious fall I got, an' all on account of a nasty squirrel, o' the which I shall tell ye, and how it kum about.

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

"Twar about fifteen year ago, an' I tracked down to Sante Fe, guidin' a kipple o' young fellers—they war as bad as they were a days; an' they war skinnin' sharp at the pieces!

the infernal regions, except at night!" I protested.

"Bother Long Branch! and I'm not a dancing man, either!" exclaimed the captain. "I vote for the Adirondacks and trout in the great North Woods!"

The morning paper was in my hand, and as the captain spoke I happened to glance at it and an item caught my eye:

"The blue-fishing on Nantucket is splendid, this year, and great numbers are being caught."

I read the paragraph aloud.

"There, gentlemen, *that's* the place for us!" I exclaimed. For a wonder both my companions agreed with me, and so it came about that we all took the afternoon boat from New York to New Bedford, then by train to Hyannis, and by boat again to the island.

Of all the queer little towns in all these big United States, Nantucket is the queerest!

A little, old-fashioned place, seemingly enjoying a Rip-Van-Winkle-like slumber; all the houses apparently built in the last century, and most of the inhabitants looking as old as the houses!

Nearly all the dwellings built with look-outs, too, attached to them, so that the sailor's wife could, from the roof-top, catch the first gleam of the white sail of her husband's ship as it rose above the horizon, for in the days of yore, the palmy days of the whale fishery, this same little island, now so forlorn and deserted, boasted of a fleet of a hundred sail or more.

But those days are gone, never to return. With the discovery of coal oil the whale fishery dwindled and died away, and there are not ten vessels now engaged in the pursuit of the great monster of the deep where there were a hundred a generation ago.

There is a strange scarcity of young men on the island, but girls—well there are more than enough!

The explanation is easy. The boys "get out" to seek their fortunes, for there are no openings for them on the island, but the girls stick more to home. Nearly all the boys take to the sea as naturally as a duck does to water; and, go where you will, whenever you find an American ship the chances are ten to one that you'll find a Nantucket man among her crew.

We found that the newspaper items had not in the least exaggerated the truth; blue-fish were indeed abundant. We had blue-fish for dinner on our arrival, blue-fish for supper, blue-fish for breakfast, and we began to fear that we shouldn't get anything but blue-fish to eat while we remained on the island.

As soon as possible we made preparations to take the field against the game.

A roomy little sail-boat was engaged, reported to be one of the fastest crafts belonging to the island, and commanded by a worthy skipper—Captain Duck, we'll call him—whom the landlord told us, in strict confidence, had sailed around the world about a dozen times.

About all the Nantucketites of the male persuasion are sailors and if you meet any elderly gentleman in the street and desire to address him, if you will call him "captain," in nine cases out of ten you will be quite correct.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, "right after breakfast," we went on board the "Nancy Duck" as the boat was called. She was a pretty little sort of a cockle-shell, apparently as light as cork, and as clean and neat as a new pin. Captain Duck and his son, a boy of ten, comprised the crew.

"Rather a young sailor you've got there, skipper," I said, addressing the captain after the good old Yankee way.

"Yes, sir, but he can handle the boat as well as I can."

"Your young folks take to the water naturally, eh?" observed the doctor, who was a little restless and uneasy in his novel position. It was the first time—as he confessed afterward, that he had ever trusted his two hundred and fifty pounds to the tender mercies of the treacherous wave.

"A good day for us, gentlemen," the captain said, as he cast off the "painter," while the son got the jibs up, and then the two turned their attention to the single large sail; the boat was sloop-rigged. "It's a single-knot breeze, and you want to spank along pretty lively to catch fish."

And, as soon as the sail was up, we did commence to spank along pretty lively, for in about twenty minutes we had cleared the harbor and were running down along the white coast.

"There—there ain't any danger?" asked the doctor, who was strangely white in the face and seemed to be decidedly uneasy.

"Oh, no," responded the skipper; "you could go across the Atlantic in this craft."

"Hang me, if I would, though!" cried the doctor, vigorously.

The skipper laughed and got out his lines—regular hemp cod-lines, about a hundred yards long, with a good-sized hook, upon the shank of which three or four ounces of lead had been run, forming a rude imitation of a small fish. Then the captain dexterously fastened an eel-skin to the line so that it hung down over the hook.

"Now, overboard with them!" he commanded.

We took our stand in the stern—one in the middle, and one of each side—and let the lines trail astern.

"How can we tell when we have a bite?" asked the doctor, but, no sooner had the words passed his lips, when there came a tug at his line that almost pulled him overboard; and then, to see that fat man pull in the long line with the fish flapping at the end, leaping clear out of water, and making a most desperate fight, was really comical. He got all tangled up in the line, and then, just as he was about to lift the fish over the counter, the wily denizen of the salt sea, took advantage of the leverage offered by slapping his tail against the vessel to tear the hook out of his jaws, and, with one prodigious leap, disappeared beneath the wave.

"You mustn't let 'em get in under the boat; keep 'em out clear," the skipper continued.

Then I had a "bite" and secured my fish, a game fourteen-pounder that made a most savage snap at my fingers as I shook him off the hook.

The major got three, right in succession; I got two more, and the doctor—he got sick!

It came on all of a sudden too. The first thing we knew he cried out in a most solemn voice, "Oh, my!" and then he immediately deposited, over the side of the boat all that he had eaten for breakfast that morning. In fact, as he said afterward, it seemed to him as if he threw up everything that he had eaten for the last month.

He implored us to throw him overboard—to put him on shore—or to tie the boat up to something and let him get out and walk. And we, heartless barbarians that we were! we laid him down and laughed until the tears came in our eyes.

But, after we had caught fish upon fish, and our hands felt as if we had been fooling with reaping-machine knives, and our arms were sore from pulling the heavy weights, we headed for the shore.

That was the only trip we made. I was satisfied; so was the major, for our hands wasn't much use to us for a week; and, as for the doctor, if you want to raise a row just ask him if he went after blue-fish off Nantucket!

MEDICAL EXAMINATION.—"What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness?" Visiting Boy: "A club."

PHYLIS IN THE WOODS.

BY EARL MARBLE.

Such a jolly little squirrel,
Cracking nuts up in the trees,
And a cunning little rabbit
Standing on his hinder knees!"
Loving When into the woods she strayed
After Autumn leaves and flowers.
"Guess I wasn't a bit afraid,
But the rabbit was. "Good morning,
Mr. Bunny, if you please,"
I said; and wasn't it funny?
He just gave a little sneeze
With his little nose so cunning,
And his heels went in the air,
And he scampered through the bushes.
Was it just exactly fair?
But the squirrel "didn't frighten,"
As papa says, "worth a cent;"
Though I thought he'd surely scamper
When along comes Johnny Keith;
And away the squirrel scampered,
Holding up his bushy tail;
Does it make him run the faster,
Like a boat's great flapping sail?
"I wish Johnny'd mind his business
Just as I mind all my own's,
And just go into his woods!
I suppose squirrel's since the stones
That he carries in his pocket,
Or he didn't like his noise,
I just love the cunning squirrels,
And I hate the horrid boys!"
—Cottage Hearth.

Only a Page;

OR,

The Knight of the Blue Armor.

BY ARTHUR LEVERING.

WALTER DE WYNNE was only a page in the household of the Earl of Errol; but he might have been more proud of the position than he was; for it was a real honor to be admitted into that knightly and influential family upon terms that might almost be said to be those of equality. Scions of daughter houses, the line of the De Wynne had been grateful to the privilege of being received there, as he was, and in no better school could he be taught the principles and practices of gentility and arms, which would be so useful to him when he should succeed to the baron's knighthood held by his impoverished father.

His followers, stimulated by the example so valiantly given, dashed forward in a desperate charge. More fugitives, returned from the rear, plunged into the fight with renewed vigor. The rebels, disheartened by the loss of their leader, fell back at all points, their retreat soon became a rout, and they were driven miles from the field.

Having given orders for the direction of the pursuit, the Earl of Errol returned to seek the knight in the blue armor, but he was not to be found. When the victory was assured, he had been seen to rise and move toward the rear; but nobody knew what had become of him.

"That was no living man," said the earl, crossing himself. "We have seen a miracle today. He has vanished as he came."

Yet the earl, when he reached Castle Errol, was loud in his praise of the prowess of the blue knight, living or dead, man or ghost.

"It surely could not have been Bohun," he said, "for I left him this morning on his bed, so sorely stricken that he could not move. Natheless I will go and see if he is still there."

Sir Richard Bohun was found stretched upon his bed, and no one could be more surprised than he at the marvelous story of the manner in which he had been turned into victory.

"You plunged rightly, my lord," he said, "the knight in blue was not I. I have not been able to stir hand or foot—would to God that I had been!—nor have I left my bed this day."

"It was a saint who appeared in your image," piously replied the earl.

"Hold a moment. Let me think. You say that this knight wore my armor?"

"He wore your armor and carried your shield."

"My armor is kept in the small room adjoining his bed, and no one could be more surprised than he at the marvelous story of the manner in which he had been turned into victory."

"You plunged rightly, my lord?"

Inquiry was made for Walter de Wynne, but no one had seen him during the day. Then he was searched for in all quarters. At last a page came and whispered to the earl.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the old warrior. "I will go myself and see him."

The page led the earl to a distant room in the right wing of the castle, and there, stretched upon his bed, lay Walter de Wynne, bleeding from wounds which he had rudely bound up without assistance. In a corner of the room lay Sir Richard de Bohun's suit of blue armor, sadly hacked and battered.

"It was you, my boy!" exclaimed the stout stout, as the tears rose in his eyes.

"Pardon me, my lord!" feebly replied Walter.

"I could not keep myself from the field."

"Nor would I have had you do so for half my earldom. Do you know what you have done, Walter de Wynne? You have saved the cause of the king and the honor of Errol. It is to you we owe the glorious victory which we have won this day."

"I did my best, though it was but little I could do."

"You did wonders. You gallantly earned your spurs of knighthood, and you shall wear them, too, as soon as you are strong enough to stand. My own leech shall be sent to you, and the countess and her ladies will be glad to attend on the brave lad who has saved the honor of Errol."

Under such auspices, Walter's wounds healed rapidly, and soon a grand banquet was given in his honor, and he bent his knee before the Earl of Errol to receive the magic touch of the sword that enabled him.

"Rise up, Sir Walter de Wynne," said the stout earl, "the youngest knight upon whom the blade of Errol was ever laid!"

Impressed by his brave words and confident manner, they suffered him to lead them back to the field.

"Has Sir Richard Bohun arisen from his death-bed and come to the field?" asked the Earl of Errol, as he glanced over his shoulder at the knight in blue armor. "It is impossible, This is a come miracle. Strike in, my merry men! The saints are fighting for us to-day, and they will yet give us the victory."

"Bother to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

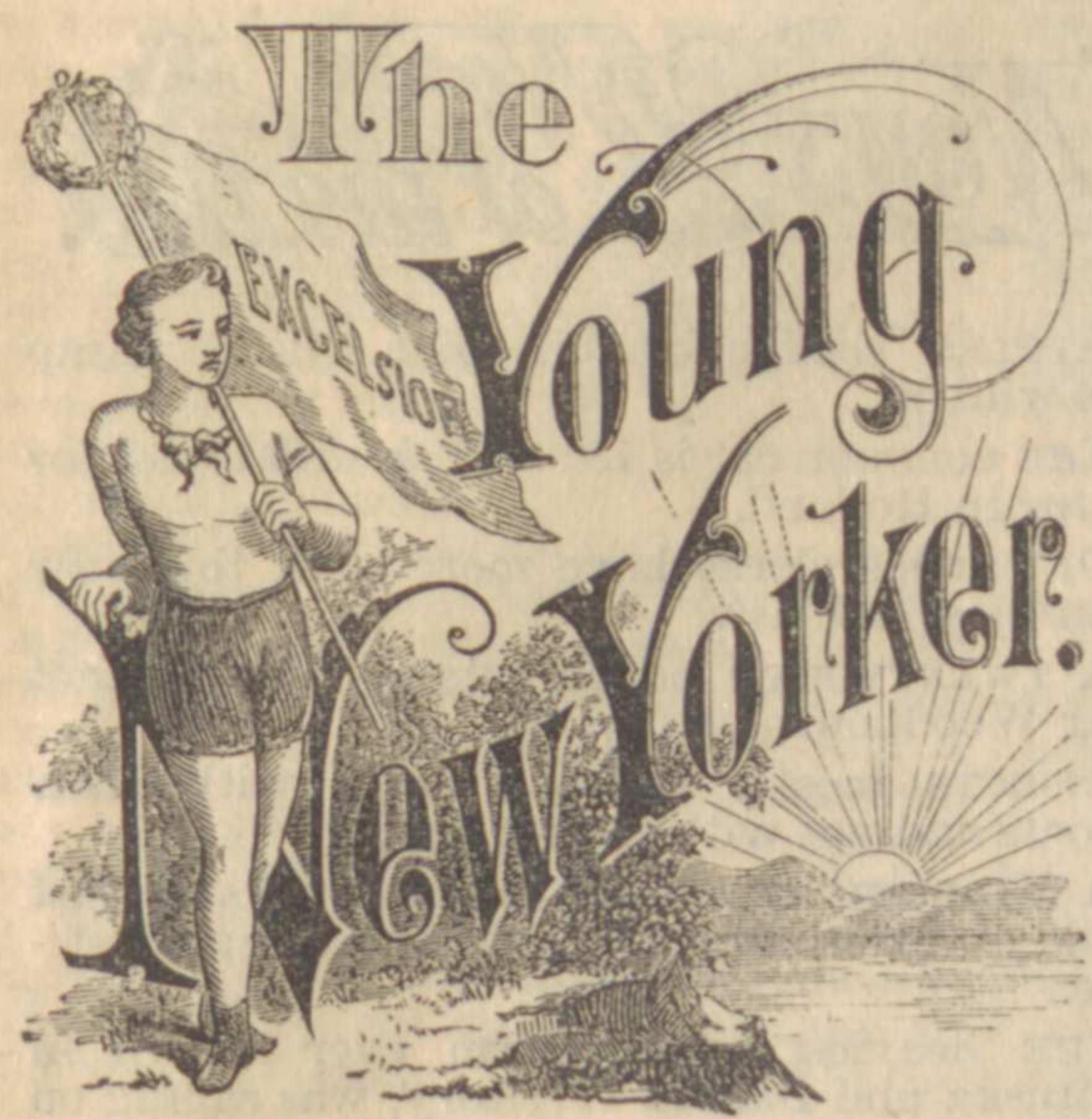
"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth, was charging upon him with leveled lance when the knight in blue armor burst through the press, followed by the men he had saved from the panic.

"Bohem to the rescue!" was the shout that rose high over all the other cries of battle.

It was high time that some one should come to the rescue, for the stout earl was sore-pressed. Unhorsed, and surrounded by a few kni hts, he was vainly striving to make head against the avalanche of victorious rebels. A forest of pikes was advancing against him, and the rebel leader, Simon of Sternmouth,

The Young New Yorker.



MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1878.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy, six months,	\$1.25
" one year,	2.50
Two copies, one year,	4.50

Address all remittances and communications to

ADAMS AND COMPANY, Publishers,

98 William Street, N. Y.

"All out-door games, athletic sports, rowing, ball games, etc., OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED, for the sake of the health which they promote."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AMERICA AHEAD.

THE athletic season of 1878 has been one of great triumph to America. For a great many years the English have been accustomed to consider themselves the champions of the world in all branches of manly sport; but the season of 1878, following on those since 1874, has changed the balance of power. Not only has America come up to England in almost every manly pursuit, but has passed her in many.

Ten years ago the English were the best rowers, marksmen, and pedestrians in the civilized world; to-day the Americans have excelled them in all these pastimes and exercises to such an extent that the English decline further contest, except in the rowing.

With the rifle, at long range or short, target or game, no English marksman can be found to compete with such men as Carver, Gildersleeve, Bruce, Blydenburg, and other members of rifle teams. As for the exhibitions given by Dr. Carver, if he ever goes over to England, they are sure to create a perfect *furore*, seeing that the shot-gun feats of Captain Bogardus have attracted so much admiration.

When Weston first went to England, he showed the Britons that they had a good deal to learn about walking, and before they had done wondering at him, O'Leary comes up and passes the feats of Weston, leaving the best professional walkers of England twenty miles behind him in a week's tramp. Now we hear of Campana, a battered man past forty, who can exceed even these performances; and it is more than probable that within a few weeks O'Leary and he will try conclusions in the most astonishing match on record.

But it is the last of our triumphs—in rowing—that causes the most pride to Americans, probably because the most difficult. We had grown almost weary of victory in rifle matches; the struggle was so one-sided. O'Leary had beaten the English walkers so conclusively that the excitement of contest had almost vanished from that field. But in the rowing match, four against four, six against six, the English had beaten us on their own waters in the only trial before made. The well-remembered defeat of the Harvard crew in 1870 was so complete that it stopped all efforts at sending American crews to England for seven years. It is true that an English four was defeated at Philadelphia in a single heat, but there were so many doubtful circumstances about that race and so many complaints of unfair advantage taken, that the Columbia boys who went to Henley in 1878, might be said to be facing almost inevitable defeat. However, they went and they conquered by fair hard pulling; and a second American crew—the Showacamettes of Monroe, Michigan, only failed of another triumph by the sudden sickness of one of their number. These things make most Americans proud, and there is no reason why they should not. Contests of this sort do not depend so much on main strength as on courage, perseverance and determination; and these are qualities that increase by cultivation and can hardly be overvalued. If any who read these lines are ever called on to face the difficulties of such a contest, and doubt their ability to conquer, let them remember that the experience of 1874 to 1878 shows that when backed by determination there is almost no limit to American powers.

News and Notes of the Day

A Little Girl's Presence of Mind.

At 1:30 o'clock in the morning the dwelling of Edward Le Fevre, on Saratoga avenue, in Ballston Spa, was partially destroyed by fire, which caught in the kitchen-room from the chimney, it is supposed. Mr. Le Fevre was absent in Troy at the time, and the fire was discovered by his oldest daughter, a girl of 10, who awoke and found the kitchen in flames. Seeing that she could not get out of the bedroom door, which opened into the kitchen, the brave little girl raised the window, and, placing the two children who slept with her out of it, then got out herself and went to her mother's window, awoke her, and then ran to the next house and gave the alarm. The house is a story-and-a-half cottage, and the upper and back part was badly charred, and most of the furniture was considerably damaged.—*Troy Press*.

The Monument to Gen. Custer.

An exceedingly handsome monument to Gen. Custer passed through this city on the noon freight-train for West Point, N. Y. It is of the Vermont marble, and of most artistic design and of large size, requiring an entire car for its transportation. The monument is furnished by Gen. Custer's brother-officers, and will be a fitting tribute to the bravery and worth of the dead hero.—*Concord (N. H.) Monitor*.

Mr. Murray's Ostrich Farm.

PEOPLE who wonder why James Murray and family of Gilbertsville go to Africa to raise ostriches, may be surprised more when they learn that sixty birds recently sold at his farm in Cape Town, by letter, aggregated \$27,000. A pair at forced sale brought \$1,500, and a pound of feathers was sold for \$80, or about \$8 per feather. Mr. Murray married the daughter of the Hon. George Gilbert of Gilbertsville. He was a classmate at Oxford of the Prince of Wales. Besides the ostrich interest, the farm of Murray, Jr., is celebrated as a choice stock farm. It contains at present 300 mares of rare blood and pedigree, whose offspring are eagerly sought by the wealthy Englishmen of that region.—*Utica Herald*.

A Reward for Honesty.

A THIRTEEN-YEARS old San Francisco boy came into a police station the other day with a package containing \$300, which he had picked up in the street. After finding the money he took it to a broker to ascertain its value, but the man would not tell him, and offered him \$20 for the lot, which the boy refused and left the store. The broker sent after him, however, and offered \$100, but, realizing by this time that he had found something valuable, he again refused to trade, and went to the police station. The next day a New York man appeared and established a claim to the money, and when he heard of the boy's rare honesty he presented the Chief of Police with \$100, to be placed in the bank for the former's benefit.

The Marine Telephone.

THE Coast Wrecking Company of New York, have commenced making experiments with the telephone as applied to salt-water use. This was first made on a French man-of-war towing ship for a torpedo circuit. A wire was attached to a towing-cable with one end on either vessel, and it was found that the action of the sea on the copper established an electric current. Telephonic communication was established, and conversation was carried on between the ships. This suggested the idea of using the instrument in the diving service. One of the glasses of the diver's helmet is replaced by a copper plate, and in this is inserted a telephonic wire, and it becomes very easy to hold communication with the diver at whatever depth he may be. The device will be of great practical value in difficult examinations, such as observations upon the keel of a vessel, or the examination of wrecks, while it will make the work of submarine repairs and inspection much safer than it is under the signal-line system.

A Proposed New Route to the North Pole.

ARCTIC explorers have become tired of failure by water, and an overland expedition has been organized at Indianapolis, and has started for British America and the Arctic regions, the object being to solve the great problem, namely: How to reach the North Pole. The explorers are very hopeful that in the extreme north regions they may be able to find some trace of the long-lost explorer and navigator, Sir John Franklin, and his followers. The party will proceed to the Red River of the North and descend said river as far as Pembina. From the latter place a small steamer will carry the exploring party as far north as navigation will permit. They will then proceed as best they can to Fort York, on the west side of Hudson Bay, in about 58 degrees north latitude. At this point they will put their boats together, carried in sections at Stanley, and launch them and push as far north as 80 degrees before going into winter-quarters. A band of fifty trained and tried Esquimaux trappers and fishermen are engaged to accompany the explorers. The Esquimaux are thoroughly equipped for the voyage and provided with trained dogs, sledges, reindeers, etc., and can travel at a rapid pace.

Health of United States Soldiers.

THE annual report of Surgeon General Barnes, United States Army, has been submitted to the Secretary of War and some facts embraced therein given to the press. The monthly reports of sick and wounded represent an average mean strength of the army of 20,794 white and 1,895 colored troops. The total number of deaths reported from all causes was 256. Of these 121 died from diseases and 135 of wounds, accidents, and injuries. The proportion of deaths from all causes to cases treated was 1 to 107. The removal of garrisons from threatened points, although in some instances deferred later than prudence would dictate, has saved the army from any serious losses during the prevalence of the dreadful epidemic of yellow fever which has proved so fatal this year among the citizens of the Southern States. The only cases reported in the army up to September 1 occurred in a small detachment left at Jackson barracks, New Orleans, when the garrison was removed. There were five cases and two deaths in this detachment. The number of military expeditions in the field during the year was thirty-seven. These expeditions required the services of fifty-six medical officers.—*Exchange*.

Wild Man in Tennessee.

THERE is now in Louisville, Ky., a truly mysterious and wonderful creature known as "the wild man of Tennessee." He is in the possession of Dr. O. G. Broyle, of Sparta, a town in the last-named State. The wild man was captured by means of a lariat in the Cumberland Mountains, after a long chase, on the 13th of September. He is known to have lived in the mountains for eighteen years, staying in the water most of the time and subsisting on fish and roots. Close inspection shows that his whole body is covered with a layer of scales, which drop off at regular periods, in the spring and fall, like the skin of a rattlesnake. He has a heavy growth of hair on his head, and a dark, reddish beard about six inches long. His eyes present a frightful appearance, being at least twice the size of the average sized eye. Some of his toes are formed together, which give his feet a strange appearance, and his height, when standing perfectly erect, is about six feet five inches. A nervous trembling of his muscles shows a desire to escape, and he is constantly looking in the direction of the door through which he entered. His entire body must be wet at intervals, and should this be neglected, he begins immediately to manifest great uneasiness, his flesh becomes feverish, until water is applied.—*Western Paper*.

Clinging to the Masts of a Wreck.

The four-masted barge Rutter went down unexpectedly on Thursday night, about half a mile from the lake shore, having forty men on board.

board. In the storm at daylight the men were seen clinging to the masts. They were evidently fast growing benumbed, and every minute the waves broke over them. Not a tug in the Ludington harbor would venture out. The storm was terrific. Finally Captain Kendrick offered to make an attempt. He went out in a Government tug, towing a lifeboat. Occasionally neither craft could be seen. The crew from the life-saving station at Point au Sable arrived at this time and tried to shoot a line over the vessel from a mortar. The whole morning passed. At two o'clock in the afternoon the life-boat succeeded in shooting along-

side the masts, and seven men dropped safely in. The lifeboat then came ashore like a rocket, and hundreds upon hundreds of men bore her through the surf. Captain Morgan's life-saving crew then started out after the other thirty-three men on the wreck, but it seemed of no avail. Every time the life-boat missed its mark and was driven ashore. Just at sundown another start was made, the line fell safely in frozen hands, and one after another the worn-out men crawled over the boat's side, to the joy of the great throng of men, women and children who blackened the beach for miles.—*Detroit Post*.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is prepared to answer questions on all the subjects treated of in the paper. Competent writers have been engaged for our department of sports, pastimes, athletics, etc., so that our readers may depend on correct information.

We shall be pleased to receive accounts from school and college clubs of contests in athletics of all sorts, of shooting and fishing excursions, whether of parties or of single persons, and to publish the same if of interest to our readers.

We will add some special requirements in reports of matches.

We want to know:

- I. Place, name and date of match.
- II. Conditions in full, rules, etc.
- III. Prizes in order.
- IV. Prize winners and their time distance, or score, according to contest.
- V. Description of match.

These topics should be in separate paragraphs, plainly written, especially as regards names and numbers. The description should be short.

For shooting contests at glass balls give always place, date, name of club, name of competition, kind of trap and balls used, distance of rise, boundary, gun, government, and weather.

N. B.—We do not undertake to decide wagers, nor to deal with anything involving the elements of gambling and betting in any form.

Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City.

THE publishers of the YOUNG NEW YORKER will always be glad to receive and consider contributions from authors of well-known reputation on subjects suitable for, and congenial to, boys and young men. Such contributions will be given early attention, and early use when found available.

FRANCIS BOYLE writes: Please tell me how many miles it is by water from Jackson St. dock and Blackwell's Island to the nearest point of the dock. Also where can I get a good book on rowing and training? ANSWER. The distance is ten miles. There is no lack of works on rowing. We can furnish you a small manual on receipt of ten cents.

T. E. BALL, Saratoga, wants the best record on running time by men. ANSWER. *George Seaward*, London, 9 1/2 seconds, 1844. The best amateur time is American, done by *Horace H. Lee* in 1877, who ran 100 yards in 10 3/4 seconds. *One mile*—4 minutes, 17 1/2 seconds, at Manchester, England, in 1865, by *W. Richards* and *W. Lang*. The best by American amateur is that of *E. Merritt* in 1877, who ran his mile in 4:33 3/4.

CHARLES SNYDER asks which has made the best record as a marksman. Dr. Carver, of Boston, is now record. They have never been matched, but will very probably meet some time next year. Dr. Carver's feats with the rifle are generally believed to be more difficult than those of Bogardus with the shot-gun, but Bogardus does not admit this. As matters stand, Carver has broken more balls with a single bullet than Bogardus with a charge of shot, but at a shorter distance and thrown by hand instead of spring from a trap.

JAMES REDMOND, Chicago, asks for the best walking time ever made and by whom? ANSWER. William Perkins of London has made the best record up to ten miles, and T. H. Armstrong of New York comes next on the mile record. Perkins's record is followed as follows: 6 miles, 6 minutes, 23 seconds; 2 miles, 30 seconds; 3 miles, 39 sec.; 4 miles, 4 min. 30 sec.; 5 miles, 36 m. 32 sec.; 6 miles, 44 m. 24 sec.; 7 miles, 51 m. 51 sec.; 8 miles, 59 m. 05 sec.; 9 miles, 68 m. 07 sec.; 10 miles, 75 m. 57 sec. Armstrong's best mile is 6 minutes, 44 1/2 sec.

JAMES HARTWELL, You are right as to the identity of the man who first says he is known to be the "original" sledge party. Doctor Hayes was a member of the expedition, but not in the party which reached the shore. The whole expedition was under command of Dr. Kane, and was known as the "Second Grinnell Expedition" in search of Sir John Franklin. The sledge party, *Admiral*, was under Dr. Hayes and his parties were sent in all directions under Drs. Kane and Hayes and Hospital Steward Morton. It was Morton's sledge party that reached the north of Greenland and saw the open Polar sea.

AMATEUR. Philadelphia, wants to know the best jumps ever recorded and by whom? ANSWER. The longest distance reached in running wide jump—using a high pole, 14 feet, 10 inches. The best distance in running high jump—using a high pole, 5 feet, 10 inches.

In standing wide jump, Joseph Greaves, of England, in 1875—using eleven-pound dumb-bells—reached 13 feet. The best amateur distance in America was by A. S. Thompson, of San Francisco, in 1876, who reached 12 feet 2 1/2 inches.

The best running high jump on record is by M. J. Brooks, of Oxford University, jumping 6 feet, 2 1/2 inches high. E. W. Johnson and John West reached 5 feet 10 1/2 inches high at Waverly, N. J., 1877—the best amateur distance in America.

The best figures in standing high jump, were reached by E. W. Johnson and J. Craig, at Philadelphia, in 1876—over 5 feet 2 inches.

The distance of 11 feet 1 inch was reached in running high pole jump by J. E. Woodburn, an English amateur, in 1876.

The best figures in standing high jump, step and jump, are 6 feet 2 inches, done by D. Anderson in England, 1868.

ISAAC BRADLEY asks for the best mile time made in trotting and running by race-horses. ANSWER. Gray Planet's mile in 1:42 running, and Rarus's trotting mile in 2:13 1/4 are the best so far.

Kind Words.

We are in the receipt of so many good wishes from the press and various correspondents on the advent of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, that we cannot do less than acknowledge them here.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* gives us the following:

"The advent of a new paper for boys will give unlimited satisfaction to the large class of young people who like to read story papers, and yet find no outlet for their youthful energies. This is a class of publications that enlivens the majority of publications of the kind. The absence of pernicious and vulgar stuff, and the presence of articles on athletic sports, such as baseball, which is a national game and one growing each year in popularity with all classes, rowing, sailing, fishing, archery, cricket, tennis, etc., makes the paper a valuable character which is certain to be popular. It will continue to enjoy. There is healthy reading in abundance, and besides a great deal that is said about sports of a desirable kind, there are sketches of history and travel and natural history, and something about the great object of life—to do well."

The *New York Times* is designed more especially for boys than it is for young men, and the papers on hunting, camping out, and amateur theatricals will satisfy a large public. Every department is excellently supplied with instructive and amusing literature, and the paper presents a handsome and pleasing appearance. It deserves a large circulation."

A news-dealer writes us:

"MESSRS. ADAMS & COMPANY:—DEAR SIRS.—THE YOUNG NEW YORKER goes off with a rush. Boys all like it. It takes off right. Being bright and sparkling, it is a fine *trifly*. It is a paper the news-dealer can recommend boys to read without fear of injury. As long as it continues so, shall push the sale of it."

"Yours, A. S. SHERMAN, Coeymans, N. Y."

MR. T. C. HARBAUGH, the well-known author, writes us:

"THE YOUNG NEW YORKER starts off well. The paper cannot help but win. It will be a success. Success to its publishers."



PETER NAPOLEON CAMPANA.

THE LATEST GREAT DISTANCE-WALKER.

A WEEK or two ago few people had heard of the subject of this notice, save the people of Bridgeport, to whom his face and figure were familiar, as a street peddler, under the nickname of "Young Sport." Probably he received the name in iron; for, as our portrait shows, he is grizzled and withered; but the determined nature of the man looks out in every line of face and figure and justifies the cognomen of "Sport."

Externally he has been fond of athletic sports most of his life, and the set of his arms looks much as if he knew how to handle the gloves pretty well.

Such as he is, he has leaped to greater fame as a pedestrian than any man on record in the same time, and a single week has put him into a position to receive challenges, instead of giving them to champions like O'Leary and Corkey.

642



THE TORMENTA.

CAPT. MAYNE REID'S BEST BOYS' STORY.
GASPAR, THE GAUCHO;
 OR,
LOST ON THE PAMPAS.
 A TALE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,
 AUTHOR OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN," "THE BOY HUNTERS," "THE SCALP-HUNTERS,"
 "AFLAOT IN THE FOREST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.
 THE CAPTIVE TRAIN.

Just about the same time that the party of trackers had turned to take departure from the barometer-tree, a cavalcade of a very different kind, and composed of a greater number of individuals, is moving over the plain, some forty or fifty miles distant. It is the party being tracked; Aguara and his band of young braves on their return to the *toldero* of their tribe; the one now becoming their permanent place of abode.

More than one change has taken place in the Indian colony since it passed over the same ground going onward. In number it is the same; but one of them does not sit erect upon his horse; instead, lies bent across the animal's back, like a sack of corn. There he is fast tied to keep him from falling off, for he could do nothing to prevent this—being dead!

Another change in the composition of the party is, that the white man, Valdez, is no longer with it. Just as Gaspar had conjectured from seeing the return tracks of his horse, he had parted company with the Indians at their first encampment on the night after the murder. Another and very different individual has taken his place at the head of the troop. The daughter of the murdered man who now rides by the side of the young Tovas chief!

Though a captive, she is not bound. They have no fear of her attempting to escape; nor does she even think of it. Though ever so well mounted, she knows such an attempt would be idle, and on her diminutive roaster, which she still rides, utterly hopeless. Therefore, since the moment of being made captive, no thought of escaping by flight had ever entered her mind.

With her long, yellow hair hanging disheveled over her shoulders, her cheeks white as lilies, and an expression of utter woe in her eyes, she sits her saddle seemingly regardless of where she is going, or whether she fall off and get trampled under the hoofs of the horses coming behind. If alone, her pony might wander at will; but alongside Aguara's horse it keeps pace with the latter, its meek, submissive look seeming to tell of its being as much a prisoner as its mistress.

Beyond the bereavement she has suffered by her father's death—for she saw him struck down, and believes him to be dead—no ill-treatment has been offered her; not even insult. Instead, the young cacique has been making efforts to gain her good will! He pretends innocence of any intent to take her father's life, and laying it all on the shoulders of Valdez. Giving reasons too, not without some significance, and an air of probability. For was not the *caqueano* an old enemy of her father, while they were resident in Paraguay? The young Tovas chief has learnt this from Valdez himself, and does not fail to speak of it to his prisoner. Further, he pretends it was on account of this very crime the *caqueano* has committed, that he parted company with them—in short, fled, fearing punishment had he accompanied them back to their town.

In this manner the wily Indian does all he can to mislead his captive, as they journey along together.

If somewhat changed the *personnel* of the Indian troop, much more is it altered in the general aspect and behavior of those who compose it—a very contrast to what was exhibited on their way downward. No longer mirthful, making the *velkin* ring with their jests and loud laughter; instead, there is silence upon their lips, sadness in their hearts, and gloom—even fear—on their faces. For they are carrying home one of their number a corpse, and dread telling the tale of it. What will the elders say, when they hear what has occurred? What do?

The feeling among Aguara's followers may

greater knowledge of things. That which had caught his attention, eliciting the cry, is but a phenomenon of Nature, though not one of an ordinary kind; still, not so rare in the region of the Chaco; since all of them have more than once witnessed it. But the thing itself is not yet apparent save to him who has shouted, and this by the slightest sign giving portent of its approach. For it is, in truth, a storm.

Even after the alarmist has given out his warning note, and stands on his horse's hips, gazing off in a certain direction, the others, looking the same way, can perceive nothing to account for his strange behavior. Neither upon the earth, nor in the heavens, does there appear anything that should not be there. The sun is crossing through a cloudless sky, and the plain, far as eye can reach, is without animate object upon it; neither bird nor beast having its home in the *salitrero*. Nothing observable on that wide, cheerless waste, save the shadows of themselves and their horses, cast in dark *silhouette* across the hoary expanse, and greatly elongated; for it is late in the afternoon, and the sun almost down to the horizon.

"What is it?" asks Aguara, the first to speak, addressing himself to the Indian who gave out the cry. "You appear to apprehend danger?"

"And danger there is, chief," returns the other. "Look yonder." He points to the level line between earth and sky, in the direction toward which they are traveling. "Do you not see something?"

"No, nothing."

"Not that brown-colored stripe just showing along the sky's edge, low, as if it rested on the ground?"

"Ah, yes; I see that. Only a little mist over the river, I should say."

"Not that, chief. It's a cloud, and one of a sort to be dreaded. See! it's rising higher, and, if I'm not mistaken, will ere long cover the whole sky."

"But what do you make of it? To me it looks like smoke."

"No; it isn't that, either. There's nothing out that way to make fire—neither grass nor trees; therefore, it can't be smoke."

"What, then? You appear to know?"

"I do. 'Tis dust."

"Dust! A drove of wild horses? Or may they be mounted? Ah! you think it's a party of Guaycurus?"

"No, indeed. But something we may dread as much—ay, more—than them. If my eyes don't deceive me, that's a *tormenta*."

"Ha!" exclaims the young cacique, at length comprehending. "A *tormenta*, you think it is?"

The others of the band mechanically mutter the same word, in like tones of apprehension. For, although slow to perceive the sign, even yet but slightly perceptible, all of them have had experience of the danger.

"I do, chief," answers he interrogated. "Am now sure of it."

While they are still speaking it, the cloud mounts higher against the blue background of sky, as also becomes more extended along the line of the horizon. Its color, too, has sensibly changed, now presenting a dun yellowish appearance, like that mixture of smoke and mist known as a "London fog." But it is somewhat brighter, as though it hung over, half-concealing and smothering, the flames of some grand conflagration.

And as they continue regarding it, red coruscations begin to shoot through its opaque mass, which they can tell to be flashes of lightning. Yet all this while, upon the spot where they have pulled up, the sun is shining serenely, and the air still and tranquil as if gale or breeze had never disturbed it!

But it is a stillness abnormal, unnatural, accompanied by a scorching heat, with an atmosphere so close as to threaten suffocation.

This, however, lasts but a short while. For in less than ten minutes after the cloud was first descried, a wind reaches them, blowing directly from it at first, in puffs and gusts, but cold as though laden with sleet, and so strong as to sweep several of them from the backs of their horses. Soon after, all is darkness above and around them. Darkness as of night; for the dust has drifted over the sun, and its disk is no longer visible—having disappeared as in a total eclipse, but far more suddenly.

It is too late for them to retreat to any place of shelter, were one ever so near, which there is not. And well know they the danger of being caught in that exposed spot; so well, that the scene now exhibited in their ranks is one of frantic confusion.

Terrified exclamations are sent up on all sides, but by one voice of warning, this from him who had first described the cloud.

"Free your horses!" he calls out; "take shelter behind them, and cover your faces with your *jerquis*! If you don't, you'll be blinded outright."

His counsel acts as a command; though it is not needed, all of them, as himself, sensible of the approaching peril. In a trice they have dropped to the ground, and plucking the pieces of skins, which serve them as saddles, from the backs of their horses, muffling their faces, as admonished. Then each clutching the halter of his own, and holding it so as to prevent the animal changing position, they await the onslaught of the storm.

Meanwhile, Aguara has not been inactive. Instead of having seized the pony's bridle-rein, he has passed round to the rear of the troop, leading his captive along with him; for the wind strikes them in front. There, in the lee of all, better sheltered, he dismounts, flings his arms around the unresisting girl, and sets her afoot upon the ground. He does all this gently, as though he were a friend or brother! For he has not lost hope he may yet win her heart.

"Star of my life," he says to her, speaking in the Tovas tongue, which she slightly understands. "As you see, we're in some danger, but it will soon pass. Meanwhile, we must take steps to guard against it. So, please to lie down, and this will protect you."

While speaking, he takes the plumed cloak from his shoulders and spreads it over those of the captive, at the same time covering her head with it, as if it were a hood. Then he gently urges her to lie on the ground.

To all she submits mechanically, and without offering opposition; though she little cares about the dust-storm—whether it blind or altogether destroy her.

Soon after, it is on and over them in all its fury, causing their horses to cower and kick, many screaming in affright or from the pain they have to endure. For not only does the *tormenta* carry dust with it, but sand, sticks, and stones, some of the latter so large and sharp as often to inflict severe wounds. Something befalls in that now assailing them; which, sweeping across the *salitrero*, has lifted the sulphurous efflorescence, that beats into their eyes bitter and blinding as the smoke of tobacco. But for having muffled up their faces, more than one of the party would leave that spot sightless, if not smothered outright.

For nearly an hour the tempest continues, the wind roaring in their ears, and the dust and gravel clouting against their naked skins, now and then a sharp-angled pebble lacerating them. At times the blast is so strong they have difficulty in keeping their places; still more in holding their horses to windward. And all the while there is lightning and thunder, the last loud and rolling continuously. At length the wind, still keenly cold, is accompanied by a sleety rain, which pours upon them in torrents,

chill as if coming direct from the snowy slopes of the Cordilleras—as in all likelihood it does.

They know that this is a sign of the *tormenta* approaching its end, which soon after arrives; terminating almost as abruptly as it had begun. The dust disappears from the sky, that which has settled on the ground now covering its surface with a thick coating of mud—converted into this by the rain—while the sun again shines forth in all its glory, in a sky bright and serene as if cloud had never crossed it!

The *tormenta* is over, or has passed on to another part of the great Chaco plain.

And now the Tovas youths, their naked skins well washed by the shower, and glistening like bronze fresh from the furnace—some of them, however, bleeding from the scratches they have received—spring upon their feet, readjust the *jerquis* on the backs of their horses, and once more remount.

Then their young chief, by the side of the captive girl, having returned to his place at their head, they forsake that spot of painful experience, and continue their journey so unexpectedly interrupted.

44

CHAPTER XIV.
 A RUSH FOR SHELTER.

It is scarce necessary to say, that the storm that overtook the Indian party was the same of which the barometer-tree had given warning to Gaspar and his young companions. But although many a long leagues separated the Indians from those following upon their trail, and it would take the latter at least another day to reach the spot where the former had met the *tormenta*, both were beset by it within less than half an hour of the same time. The Indians first of course, since it came from the quarter toward which all were traveling, and therefore in the teeth of pursuers and pursued.

But the trackers were not called upon to sustain its shock, as those they were tracking up. Instead of its coming upon them in an exposed situation, before its first puffs became felt, they were safe out of harm's way; having found shelter within the interior of a cavern. It was this Gaspar alluded to when saying he knew of a place that would give them an asylum. For the gaucho had been twice over this ground before—once on a hunting excursion in the company of his late master; and once at an earlier period of his life on an expedition of less pleasant remembrance, when, as a captive himself, he was carried up the Pilcomayo by a party of Guaycuru Indians, from whom he was fortunate in making escape.

His knowledge of the cave's locality, however, was not obtained during his former and forced visit to the district they are now traversing; but in that made along with the hunter-naturalist; who, partly out of curiosity, but more for geological investigation, had entered and explored it.

"It's by the bank of a little *arroyo* that runs into the Pilcomayo, some three or four miles above the big river. And, as I take it, not much further from where we are now. But we must make a cross cut to reach it in the quickest time."

This Gaspar says as they part from the barometer-tree. Following out his intention he leads his horse toward the open plain, and forakes the Indian trail, the others following his lead.

They now go in full gallop, fast as their horses can carry them; for they have no longer any doubts about the coming on of a *tormenta*. The forecast given them by the flowers of the *tinay* is gradually being made good by what they see—a dun yellow cloud rising against the horizon ahead. The gaucho well understands the sign, soon as he sees this recognizing it as the dreaded storm.

It approaches them just as it had done the Indians. First the atmosphere becoming close and hot as the interior of an oven; then suddenly changing to cold, with gusts of wind, and the sky darkening as though the sun were eclipsed.

But, unlike the others, they are not exposed to the full fury of the blast; neither are they in danger of being blinded by the sulphureous dust, nor pelted with sticks and stones. Before the storm has thus developed itself they reach the crest of the cliff overhanging the *arroyo*; and urging their horses down a sloping path remembered by Gaspar, they get upon the edge of the stream itself. Then turning up it, and pressing on for another hundred yards, they arrive at the cavern's mouth, just as the first puff of the chilly wind sweeps down the deep, rut-like valley through which the *arroyo* runs.

"In time!" exclaims the gaucho. "Thanks to the Virgin, we're in time! with not a second

to spare" he adds, dismounting, and leading his horse into the arching entrance, the others doing the same.

Once inside, however, they do not give way to inaction; for Gaspar well knows they are not yet out of danger.

"Come, *muchachos*," he cries to them, soon as they have disposed of their animals, "there's something more to be done before we can call ourselves safe. A *tormenta*'s not the thing to be trifled with. There isn't corner or cranny in this cave the dust wouldn't reach to. It could find its way into a corked bottle, I believe. *Carumba!* there it comes!"

The last words are spoken as a whiff of icy wind, now blowing furiously down the ravine, turns into the cavern's mouth, bringing with it both dust and dry leaves.

For a moment the gaucho stands in the entrance gazing out; the others doing likewise. Little can they see; for the darkness is now almost opaque, save at intervals, when the ravine is lit up by jets of forked and sheet lightning. But much do they hear: the loud bellowing of wind, the roaring of thunder, and the almost continuous crashing of trees, whose branches break off as though they were but brittle glass. And the stream which courses past close to the cave's mouth, now a tiny rivulet, will soon be a raging, foaming torrent, as Gaspar well knows.

They stay not to see that, nor aught else. They have other work before them—the something of which the gaucho spoke, and to which he now hastily turns, crying out:

"Your ponchos, my lads! Get them, quick! We must close up the entrance with them, otherwise we'll stand a good chance of being smothered. *Vaya!*"

Neither needs urging to hasten. Young as they are, they too have had experience of a *tormenta*. More than once they have witnessed it, remembering how, in their house, near Assuncion, it drove the dust through the keyholes of the doors, finding its way into every crack and crevice, making ridges across the floor, just as snow in northern lands—of which, however, they know nothing, save from what they have read, or been told by one who will tell them of such things no more.

In a few seconds' time, three ponchos—for each possesses one—are snatched from the cantles of their saddles, and as speedily spread across the entrance of the cave—just covering it, with not an inch to spare. With like speed and dexterity, they join them together, in a rough but firm stitching done by the nimble fingers of the gaucho—his thread a strip of thong, and for needle the sharp terminal spine of the *pita* plant—one of which he finds growing near by. They attach them at top by their knife-blades stuck into seams of the stratified rock, and at bottom by stones laid along the border; these heavy enough to keep them in place against the strongest gust of wind.

"All this done, they breath freely, now feeling secure; and after a last look at the screen to assure himself of its being reliable, the gaucho turns to his companions, quietly remarking:

"Now, *muchachos*, I fancy we need have no more fear of Mr. *Tormenta*."

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

As they are now in the midst of darkness, it might be imagined nothing could be done but keep their places, or go groping idly about. Not so, however. Gaspar has no intention of letting the time pass in such an unprofitable manner; instead, he at once resumes speech, and along with it action.

"Now, young masters," he says, making a movement toward the place where they had left their horses, "since we are shut up here, I don't see why we shouldn't make ourselves as comfortable as we can under the circumstances; and the best way to begin will be with what's usually the winding up of a day's work—that's supper. Our bit of rough riding has given me the appetite of a wolf, and I feel as if I could eat one red raw. Suppose we have another set to at the shoulder of mutton? What say you, *señoritos*?"

They answer in the affirmative, both being as hungry as himself.

"We shan't have to eat in darkness, either," he proceeds. "Luckily, I've brought with me a bit of candle—best wax at that. A costly affair it was when whole; being one of a pair I had to pay for when my poor mother died, to be used at her funeral, and for which the rascally *padres* charged me five *pesos* apiece—because consecrated, as they called it. As they stood me so much, I thought I might as well save the stumps; which I did, and have got one of them here.



AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

The Young New Yorker.

Starting out, it occurred to me we might some time need it, as you see we do now; so I slipped it into my saddle-bags."

While speaking, he has moved on to his horse, and got beside him without much straying; for his former visit to the cavern has made him familiar with its topography, and he could go anywhere through it without a glimmer of light to guide him. Plunging his hand into his ample *alpaca*, and rummaging about for a short while, he gets hold of the bit of unburnt candle—souvenir of a melancholy ceremony, which, however, he had long ceased to mourn over, since his mother has been dead for many years.

He has drawn it out; removed the scrap of buck-skin in which it was wrapped; and with flint and steel is proceeding to strike a light, when a sound reaches his ears, that causes him to suspend operations, and stand intently listening for its repetition.

Simultaneously has it been heard by the other two, as also by the three horses; these last, on hearing it, showing their affright by a series of snorts, while they dance about over the floor of the cavern. For it is a sound which, heard in any part of tropical America, whether on sunlit plain or in shady forest, strikes terror to the heart of all who hear it, be it man, bird, or beast. No living creature in that land but dreams the cry of the jaguar.

"*El tigre!*" exclaims Gaspar in a subdued tone, his voice half-drowned by a second roar from the great feline, this time louder and more prolonged.

"Where is it?" they ask one another hurriedly, and in whispers, fearing to speak out. For loud as is the creature's voice as it reverberates through the hollow cavity, what with the bellowing of the wind and the trampling of their horses' hoofs on the hard rock, it is impossible to tell whence it came, and whether the jaguar be outside the cavern or within. About this there is a difference of opinion among them, but only for an instant—all three agreeing, as for the third time the terrifying note is sounded. Then they believe it to have come from outside. But again they as quickly differ, at hearing a fourth repetition of it; this as certainly seeming to have been uttered inside the cavern. Once more changing their minds, when, for the fifth time, the beast gives out its grand roar; since along with it they hear another sound as of some heavy body hurling itself against the screen of ponchos, too solid to be mistaken for a puff of wind. Beyond doubt, it is the tiger seeking admittance to the cave!

Not thus doubtful are they. Instead, the sounds now heard excite and terrify them as much as any that preceded; for they can tell that tiger No. 2 is, as themselves, *within the cave!*

"*Por Dios!*" exclaims Gaspar, in a low tone of voice, "it's the old Tom sure, and inside too!" that accounts for our not being certain about the she. Both were yelling at the same time, answering one another. Where can the brute be?

They turn their eyes toward the back of the cavern, but in the dim glimmer can see nothing like a tiger. They only hear noises of different kinds made by their horses, then freshly affrighted, one more sniffing the air and moving uneasily about.

"Your guns!" cries Gaspar in hurried accents; "get them loaded again! If the *tigre* attacks us; it's almost sure to do, our knives will be of little use. *Viva, muchachos!*"

All together again lay hold of their guns, but where is the ammunition? Stowed in a pair of holsters on the pommel of Cypriano's saddle, as they well know—powder, balls, percussion-caps, everything. And where is the horse himself? for, left loose, he has moved off to another part of the cavern.

Cypriano taking the candle in hand, they go in search of him. Soon to see that the frightened animal has taken refuge in an angular bayonet between two projecting buttresses of rock, where he stands covering and trembling.

They are about to approach him, going cautiously and with timid steps, when lo! on a ledge between, they perceive a long yellow body with black spots lying astretched, at one end of it a pair of eyes giving back the light of their candle, with a light almost as brilliant, and at intervals flashing like fire. It is the jaguar.

The sight brings them suddenly to a stand, even causing them to retreat a step or two. For the ledge on which the *tigre* crouches is directly between them and Cypriano's horse, and to approach the latter they must pass right under the former; since it is upon a sort of shelf, several feet above the level of the ground. They at once see there is no hope of reaching the needed ammunition without tempting the attack of the tiger; by their movements, it is becoming at every moment more infatuated, and already seems about to spring upon them. Instinctively, acting mechanically, they move further away, having abandoned the idea of defending themselves with the guns, and fall on back on their only other weapons, the knives. Ludwig counsels retreating altogether out of the cave, and leaving the horses behind. Outside, the wind no longer rages, and the dust seems to have blown past. They but hear the patterning of rain, with peals of thunder, and the swish of the stream, now swollen. But nothing of these need they fear. To the course counselled, Cypriano objects; as also Gaspar; fearing for their horses, almost sure to be sacrificed to the fury of the enraged jaguar. And where would they be then? Afoot in the midst of the Chaco, helpless as shipwrecked sailors on a raft in mid-ocean!

For a while they remain undecided; only a short while, when they are made aware of that which speedily brings them to a decision, and without any will of their own. In putting space between themselves and the dangerous beast, they have retreated quite up to the cavern's entrance. There looking out, they see that egress is debarrased them. The stream, swollen by the rain, still pouring down as in a deluge, has leaped up to the level of the cave's mouth, and rushes past in an impetuous torrent, crested, and carrying huge rocks, with the trunks and broken branches of trees, upon its seething current. Neither man nor horse might dare ford it now. They are caught between a torrent and a tiger!

"To BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN NO. 1."

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

Base-ball.

WHENEVER the close of a season has been reached in base-ball, the generality of writers on the game throughout the country begin to look to a series of changes in the playing rules of the game to cure the blunders of bad management, unskillful play, and a lack of judgment in fielding and batting. Some favor an elastic ball, with its consequences of plenty of runs, heavy hits and fielding errors. Others favor a soft ball, with few base-hits and runs and uninteresting contests. The happy medium is sought for in vain, for the simple reason that the right path to the goal is not taken.

During October last a series of experimental games were played by the Boston, Chicago and Providence clubs, looking to the testing of certain changes in the playing rules favored by a few Western editors.

"For the matter of our being blinded," remarks the gauchero in perceiving this, "we needn't trouble about shutting the door again. Though if I'm not greatly out in my reckoning, there's something else may need keeping out—a thing more dangerous than dust."

"What thing?" he is asked.

"Another *tigre*. I never knew one of these spotted beauties to be about alone. They always hunt in couples; and when there's a female, the male is sure to be with her. As you see, it's the lady we've closed accounts with, and so, certain the gentleman isn't far off. Out in that storm, he'll be in the same way making for this snug shelter. So we may look for his worship to present himself at any moment."

Ludwig and Cypriano turn their eyes toward

the entrance, as though they expected even then to behold the dreaded intruder.

"To keep him out," pursues Gaspar in a more serious vein, "twill be no use to put up the ponchos. We can't trust to the old Tom entangling himself, as did his *esposa*. That was all an accident. And yet we're not safe if we leave the entrance open. As we've got to stay here all night, and sleep there, we can't close an eye so long as he's running about. Instead, we'd have to lie awake, and on the alert."

"Why can't we wall it up with those stones?"

Cypriano thus interrogates, pointing to some scattered boulders lying about the cave—large blocks that have broken off from its roof, and fallen upon the floor.

"Not a bad idea," rejoins Gaspar, "and one quite practicable," he adds, with his eye taking in the dimensions of the cavern's mouth, but little larger than an ordinary stable door.

"You're right, Señor Cypriano; we can do that."

Without the customary warning, put him out. The umpire had to count the balls out loudly "one," "two," "three," etc., up to six. This change is not of the least practical advantage.

Its only effect is to give the pitcher a greater license in sending in unfair balls than the batsman is allowed in striking at fair balls, by the rule of six to three, instead of, as now, by nine to four. If it be deemed an advantage to increase the batting range, instead of seeking to do so by using a livelier ball, do it by giving the batsman the same license to strike at fair balls that the pitcher is allowed in sending in unfair balls. In other words, adopt the rule which we advocated some years ago, and which limits the pitcher's delivery to six unfair balls by calling every second ball a ball, instead of, as now, every third; and allow the striker to strike at every second fair ball, instead of, as now, every ball." By this means the batsman would have a better chance for base hits, and livelier hitting would necessarily follow. As for shortening the game, that is not wanted. Two hours are short enough as it is, and the average does not reach it, being about one hour and forty-five minutes.

THE EXPENSES likely to be incurred by a first-class professional club can be judged by the financial statement of the Buffalo club for 1878, the receipts and disbursements of which were as follows: Receipts—Gate receipts at home, \$11,236.51; gate receipts abroad, \$4,669.75; receipts from season tickets, \$100; receipts from advertising and peddling, \$325; fines imposed on players, \$81.77; rent of ground for lacrosse, \$75; interest on bank balance, \$46.95; total, \$16,594.98. Disbursements—Salaries to players, \$11,068.33; railroad fare, \$1,782.66; hotel fare, \$1,131.89; carriages, etc., \$106.42; cars and maintenance of grounds, \$331.13; balls and bats, \$40.10; uniforms and equipments for team, \$320.48; rent, \$600; printing, bill-posting, advertising, etc., \$631.40; telegrams, \$357.03; incidental expenses, settlements, \$396.01; total, \$10,795.47; paid visiting clubs for stockholders, admissions, \$1.12.

THE ANNUAL meeting of the League Association places at Cleveland, on Dec. 5th. The work to be done will have an important bearing on the future welfare if not existence of the Association. There is no questioning the fact that the League legislation of 1877 was in several instances calculated to make the institution unpopular with professional clubs. The restrictions imposed on the clubs in prohibiting them from playing with any but League men on their own grounds until September were one great mistake, and its repetition will be still more damaging next year. While it is, of course, necessary to limit championship contests to those clubs only which will carry out their engagements, the rule with which others should be one which gives them the largest liberty of action. The League should not be allowed the right to say to this, that, or the other members of its association that you may play with this club but not with that. Limit the championship contests as you may, but give to each club the individual right to play with outside ones often as they please. Last spring the Boston Club lost the advantage of playing the Harvard College nine owing to the absurd rule which governed the League the past season.

A pretty fair idea of the relative strength of the League and International clubs can be arrived at through the medium of the appended table, prepared by Mr. Stevens, of the Boston *Herald*. It will be noticed that the Buffaloes have a slight lead over the Boston in their percentage of fielding, while the latter and the Manchesters are a tie; but the batting of the Manchesters being better than that of the champions, they are awarded second place in fielding in the table. The batting rank of the other clubs, as compared with their fielding, will be interesting to note:

"Your guns!" cries Gaspar in hurried accents; "get them loaded again! If the *tigre* attacks us; it's almost sure to do, our knives will be of little use. *Viva, muchachos!*"

All together again lay hold of their guns, but where is the ammunition? Stowed in a pair of holsters on the pommel of Cypriano's saddle, as they well know—powder, balls, percussion-caps, everything. And where is the horse himself? for, left loose, he has moved off to another part of the cavern.

Cypriano taking the candle in hand, they go in search of him. Soon to see that the frightened animal has taken refuge in an angular bayonet between two projecting buttresses of rock, where he stands covering and trembling.

They are about to approach him, going cautiously and with timid steps, when lo! on a ledge between, they perceive a long yellow body with black spots lying astretched, at one end of it a pair of eyes giving back the light of their candle, with a light almost as brilliant, and at intervals flashing like fire. It is the jaguar.

The sight brings them suddenly to a stand, even causing them to retreat a step or two. For the ledge on which the *tigre* crouches is directly between them and Cypriano's horse, and to approach the latter they must pass right under the former; since it is upon a sort of shelf, several feet above the level of the ground. They at once see there is no hope of reaching the needed ammunition without tempting the attack of the tiger; by their movements, it is becoming at every moment more infatuated, and already seems about to spring upon them. Instinctively, acting mechanically, they move further away, having abandoned the idea of defending themselves with the guns, and fall on back on their only other weapons, the knives. Ludwig counsels retreating altogether out of the cave, and leaving the horses behind. Outside, the wind no longer rages, and the dust seems to have blown past. They but hear the patterning of rain, with peals of thunder, and the swish of the stream, now swollen. But nothing of these need they fear. To the course counselled, Cypriano objects; as also Gaspar; fearing for their horses, almost sure to be sacrificed to the fury of the enraged jaguar. And where would they be then? Afoot in the midst of the Chaco, helpless as shipwrecked sailors on a raft in mid-ocean!

For a while they remain undecided; only a short while, when they are made aware of that which speedily brings them to a decision, and without any will of their own. In putting space between themselves and the dangerous beast, they have retreated quite up to the cavern's entrance. There looking out, they see that egress is debarrased them. The stream, swollen by the rain, still pouring down as in a deluge, has leaped up to the level of the cave's mouth, and rushes past in an impetuous torrent, crested, and carrying huge rocks, with the trunks and broken branches of trees, upon its seething current. Neither man nor horse might dare ford it now. They are caught between a torrent and a tiger!

"To BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN NO. 1."

Cricket.

It is a little surprising that a practical people like the English should so long have had their national field-game governed by so incomplete a code of rules as the game of cricket now is.

Every change in the laws of cricket since there was any regular code to revise, has been made under the auspices of the Marylebone Club, of London. Since 1787 has this club governed the laws of cricket throughout the world, with no one to dispute the *ipse dixit* of the club officials. The alterations in the rules—few and far between, as they have been—made by the club during the last forty or fifty years, have been little else than adaptations of the rules authorized by custom. The most prominent change in all this time was that of rewording, in 1864, law 10, by which the rule governing the delivery of the ball by the bowler was so changed as to admit of the existing style of a high delivery, the law previously prohibiting any delivery of the ball above the shoulder of the bowler. The latest change was that introduced in 1870, in relation to a bowler's changing ends. Prior to this the bowler could only make one change, viz., from one end to the other. Now he can make two—that is, he can change from one end to the other, and then back again, though even under the amended rule he can only bowl two overs successively.

Considering that the revision and amendment of the rules of the game are under the arbitrary control of one club, such defects in the code as now exist should never have been allowed to remain on the statute-books. For instance, every cricketer knows that customs sanction the rules of playing eleven men on each side in a match, and that the eleven which score the most runs in a game of two innings on each side wins the match; and yet there is not a solitary rule in the existing code which provides either for the legal number of players in a match, or for the number of innings constituting a game. Again, too, it is customary to count a *bye* for every ball made from a *ball* passing the long-stop, and yet the word "bye" referring to this, when scored, is not to be found in the laws of the game. Among other defects in the code may be mentioned the following: Law 12 reads, "If the bowler shall toss the ball over the striker's shoulder" etc., a wide ball shall be scored. Now, according to this reading, if the batsman sees a ball coming to him shoulder high, all he has to do is to stoop and let the ball pass over him for it to be called wide. The law should read, "If the bowler shall toss the ball" etc., in which case the umpire need not call it wide when it is delivered as above described. But as the rule now reads he is obliged to do so. Again, rule 13 reads at its close as follows: "If the ball shall first touch any part of the striker's dress or person (except his hands), the umpire shall call *leg-bye*." Now, if the umpire strictly observes the letter of the above law, he is obliged to call a *leg-bye* every time the ball touches the striker's person, no matter if a run be made or not. Again, too, in regard to law 22, which gives the striker out "if any part of the striker's dress knock down his wicket." It should read: "If in striking at the ball, any part of the striker's dress" etc. As it reads now, however, no exception is made in the case of running as custom sanctions. But no one can carefully read the existing code of rules governing cricket, and not plainly perceive how much revision is needed to make the laws plain of interpretation and applicable to all the existing points of the game. No American game could possibly be played without endless disputes if it were governed by so incomplete and badly worded a code of laws as cricket is. But in England custom is mightier than the written law—at least as far as cricket is concerned, for the existing rules of cricket are violated every season, and apparently with impunity.

Lacrosse.

A LACROSSE match between the Tremont and Ashland clubs at Boston, Mass., Nov. 16th, resulted in a draw on account of darkness, each side securing two goals. The two former games between these clubs were won by the Tremonts.

Football.

AT the first of the two annual meetings of the Rugby Football Union, held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on Oct. 30th last, over seventy representatives of the various Union clubs were present.

The special committee appointed at the last meeting for the purpose of taking into consideration the imposition of a penalty for the infringement of the laws of off-side, submitted their report, which was adverse to a penalty, and it was resolved that the report should be sent to all Union clubs.

The following solution to Problem No. 2 has been sent us:

"FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

"MR. EDITOR:—I think your problem No. 2, can be solved as follows: First move, Knight to Queen's 7th square, check. Second move, Knight to Queen's 5th square, check. Yours truly," WM. H. BROWNE.

"P. S.—I am a young player only fourteen years of age and have but learnt chess within the present year."

Chess Lessons.

CONTINUED FROM NUMBER TWO.

FOOL'S MATÉ.—This is the simplest of all check-mates, being accomplished in two moves in the following manner:

WHITE. BLACK.

1. K. P. to K. Kt's 4th. 1. K. P. to K's 4th.

2. K. B. P. to K. B's 4th. 2. Q. P. takes K. B. P.

It cannot possibly be given by the first player.

FORCED MOVE.—When a player has one only legal move at command, it is said to be a *forced move*.

GAMBET.—The word is of Italian origin, and signifies a movement by which the adversary is tripped up. In chess, this is attempted by the first player putting a *Pawn en prise* of the enemy early in the game, by which he is enabled more rapidly and effectively to develop his superior *Pieces*. There are several gambits, but the most important, and one which includes many others, is the King's gambit, commenced as follows:

WHITE. BLACK.

1. K. P. to K's 4th. 1. K. P. to K's 4th.

2. K. B. P. to B's 4th. 2. Q. P. takes K. B. P.

The pawn offered by the first player here at his second move is called the Gambit Pawn, and when taken by the adversary the opening is a gambit.

The gambit is so called because the players who invented it brought them into vogue—as the *Muzio* gambit, the *Satric* gambit, the *Albager* gambit, the *Lopez* gambit; while others obtain their names from the opening moves of the first player, as the King's Bishop's gambit, which begins thus:



O'Leary and Campana.

DANIEL O'LEARY was in New York Nov. 21st, on his way to Philadelphia to give exhibition walks. The agent of O'Leary announces through the daily press that the late walk in Bridgeport received due notice, though it is not O'Leary's plan to be the long-distance champion to challenge "Sport." O'Leary is willing to bet "Sport" of his checkers \$3,000 to \$2,500 that the number of miles each will cover in a six days' tramp or if a larger amount is required, will wager \$6,000 to "Sport's" \$5,000 that he will beat him. It will be from the above that O'Leary is netted at the prominence of Campana, and although he will not "challenge" him technically, offers to bet certain sums on his own superiority through his agent.

The condition of Campana after his walk is thus described: After the conclusion of his task, on Saturday night, "Sport" was taken to the hotel in Bridgeport and put to bed. During the night he awoke once and drank a little tea, after which he again fell asleep and continued until half-past six o'clock Sunday morning, when he awoke and shouted lustily for his attendants. He dressed himself with astonishing rapidity, when he sauntered forth for a ten-mile walk to take the kinks out of his legs, which were a little stiff and his feet somewhat swollen, the only unpleasant results of his effort. After breakfast "Sport" continued to move about all day, visiting his friends and receiving their congratulations. He ate three hearty meals during the day and finally retired to take the early train for New York on Monday.

"Sport" will undoubtedly be heard from soon, as he is most anxious to test the abilities of those now on the top rung of the ladder of pedestrian fame, but he says before he challenges any one he desires to prove that what he claimed for his Bridgeport performance is nowise exaggerated. Having won the confidence of the public and been credited with a good and duly authenticated record, he will make a match with the best of them, feeling confident that with his experience of last week he will be able to go 550 miles in six days if necessary.

"Mickey Free."

PROBABLY very few of our younger readers ever heard of "Mickey Free," the pedestrian, till they read the account of his death, in Jersey City, Nov. 21st. Yet Mickey was one of the most noted pedestrians of his day, when he was in his prime, from 1845 to 1860. His real name was Robert Harriott, and he was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, emigrating to America in 1845. He was a jolly, rollicking kind of fellow, always full of jokes, and acquired his sporting name from his resemblance to the comic servant in the novel of "Charles O'Malley."

As a pedestrian "Mickey" was the best of his day. He was the first man in America to do a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and as a ten and twenty mile runner, he was not equalled. The most surprising of all his feats, and one which no other man has since done in this country, was a run of ten miles, including the jumping of a thousand hurdles, each three feet six inches high. The nearest to this that has been done in America is by John Goulding, the present trainer of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Goulding has done five hundred hurdles, ten yards apart, in thirty-six minutes. "Mickey Free" did a thousand in an hour and twelve minutes.

Besides being a wonderful pedestrian, "Mickey" seems to have been a good, honest, hard-working man, having remained in the employment of one person for no less than thirty-three years, and brought up a numerous family in respectability. He served faithfully as a soldier during the civil war, and did his duty without flinching. An idea of his character is given by one fact since the war: One of his sons, who was given to bad courses, enlisted in the United States army and afterward deserted. Instead of sheltering the boy and allowing him to break the law, his father made him go back and serve out his full time, ending by reclaiming him to a respectable life.

"Mickey Free" died of an attack of pneumonia, brought on by hard work for his employer, and left behind him the reputation of an honest, merry fellow, who never harmed a soul.

Sparring and Fencing.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the account of what he calls a "boxing match" between two lads in New York, and asks us to publish it, with the names of the parties. We mention the fact because we wish to say a few words on the subject of boxing in general, and "matches" in particular.

In the present case we are informed by our correspondent that Mr. R. J. Nethercott boxed with Mr. Wm. Desmond for a silver medal, and that Desmond was defeated, at the Union Club Rooms, in Henry street. Now, while it is the business of no one but the parties whether they choose to box or not, as long as they do it for amusement, it becomes a very different thing when they contend for medals and want their names put in the papers. Of the two young men in the match in question, Mr. Desmond is to be pitied for being so foolish as to take a beating for the chance of winning a paltry medal, probably worth about a trade dollar; while Mr. Nethercott is by no means an object of envy. He has obtained the proud distinction of a place among the prize-fighters and ruffians who end their careers in State's Prisons, like his notorious Jos Coburn. If he wishes to live a decent life, succeed in business, and become a prosperous citizen, the sooner he puts away his medal and ceases to strive for others of the same kind, the better. If he keeps on boxing for prizes, he may very likely end as Coburn has ended.

It is not, however, our opinion that no young man should learn to box. On the contrary, as exercises for preserving health, nothing is better than sparring and fencing, and we intend to say a great deal about them from time to time in THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. But both of them should be practiced with good-nature and in a proper manner, otherwise they are sure to end in mischief.

The trouble about the use of sparring by boys and young men is generally this: They get a set of cheap boxing-gloves, meet at each other's houses, and have a "set-to," without any previous instruction. The consequence is, that, instead of friendly sparring, these meetings assume the character of regular glove-fights, wherein black eyes and bloody noses are the rule, and advance in skill the exception. The object of every lad is to strike his opponent somehow, and to make himself feared as a hitter; and the fact of gloves being used does not prevent severe injuries.

The fact is—and it will be found a very good rule for boys and young men to follow—no sparring matches of which a lady could not be present with pleasure, should be tolerated by young men, and no club should undertake sparring without securing the services of a competent teacher. A monthly contribution of two dollars each from a club of twenty members will secure the services of a good teacher for a class in sparring and fencing, at least once a week. But—and this is a very important

point—never engage a prize-fighter for a teacher, but prefer a fencing-master. Most fencing-masters teach boxing, many teach it better than prize-fighters, and almost all are polite and gentlemanly in their manners, which the bruisers seldom are.

A knowledge of boxing may be of value in life to protect one from oppression and wanton insult, but should never be used to gain the so-called glory of "championship." A champion boxer is too often a champion brute.

Abuse of Gymnastics.

The heavy exercises on horizontal and parallel bars indulged in by the German Turners and at American gymnastic halls are full of danger. Sprains, strains and severe internal injuries often ensue from such exercises when carried beyond the ordinary feats which can be learned in a month's work. A St. Louis paper records the death of one of the best athletes in Missouri from this abuse of gymnastics so common among young men. It appears that Mr. Charles Lee, a man recently fallen from a horizontal bar, sustaining injuries which paralyzed his lower limbs, was taken to his residence, No. 612 Walnut street, St. Louis, where he died Nov. 24th. His lower limbs had survived to almost nothing, and the once strong athlete was more helpless than a child. Had he lived it would have been as a cripple for life. The deceased was twenty-eight years of age on the 30th of last December. He was a native of Ohio. He traveled one season as a professional, but threw up his engagements to enter into business in St. Louis.

We mention this case because it shows a danger to which strong, athletic young men are particularly liable. It is a fact well known to managers of circuses and athletic shows that professional acrobats never live beyond middle age unless they retire from their calling, and further that none of them are strictly healthy men. Large muscles do not always indicate health and are rarely accompanied by rosy cheeks. If these lines meet the eye of any young man who is given to heavy athletic work, we hope that they may warn him in time to "go slower," at least so much as to secure his own safety from sudden death.

Athletic Notes.

THE Argonauta Rowing Association at Bergen Point, N. J., gave a series of athletic games, including running and walking races, throwing the hammer and the tug of war.

THE American Athletic Club has elected the following officers for 1879: President, John Gath; Vice-President, Bernard Leth; Secretary, S. W. Hoag; Treasurer, Frank C. Lowry; Captain, John C. Wray; Lieutenant, Frank Millett; Trustees, Messrs. Magee, Badgley and Brazer.

E. W. JOHNSON, of Toronto, contended with James Daley, of New York, on Thanksgiving-day in a series of athletic contests, including hundred-yard running, jumping and hammer-throwing.

THE Clipper of Nov. 23rd says: "Harry Chadwick is matched with Thomas Prior to run on Thanksgiving-day at Erb's Athletic Grounds, Newark, N. J., for a purse of \$50."

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the Harry Chadwick above referred to is not the veteran "Sports and Pastimes" editor of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. In his early days he has walked his forty miles in fourteen hours, but now that he is approaching the "three score" period of his life, his pedestrian efforts are more limited.

ADVICES from Chicago state that a wrestling match has been arranged between Colonel J. H. McLaughlin, of Detroit, who has held the championship of America for the past ten years, and John McMahon, of Rutland, Vt. The match is for \$5,000 and the championship of America. McMahon stands 5 feet, 11 inches, and weighs 197 pounds. He has wrestled thirty-four contests and only met with one reverse. McLaughlin stands 6 feet, 1 inch, and weighs 215 pounds. He has won thirty-three matches and only been defeated twice.

OUR readers who are given to wrestling "for fun," can lay the following lesson to heart. It comes from a Southern paper: In Pike county, Georgia, at a fishing frolic, two young men, Mr. David S. Baker and Mr. Amon Cariker, uncle and nephew, concluded to wrestle. Mr. Baker throwing the nephew, Mr. Cariker, fell produced some feeling on the part of Mr. Cariker, and he struck his uncle in the mouth. Mr. Baker returned the blow, and a personal contest ended by Mr. Cariker saying to his uncle that he would shoot him. He went off, got a gun, and did as he said. Baker died next morning. While such contests in the North rarely end in murder, they generally produce ill-feeling, and the less young men indulge in them the better.

Rod and Gun.

Practical Rifle Shooting.

THE English gunsmiths were the first to adopt the principle of heavy charges and light bullets for hunting rifles, and they gave them the name of "Express" rifles on account of the rapid flight of their bullets. Inasmuch as a light bullet will not do heavy game so much damage as a heavy one, they invented a peculiar bullet called the "Express." This is cast with a deep hollow in it occupying nearly half the missile, and the consequence is that it always flattens when it strikes, and tears a hole in the game more than an inch in diameter, or three or four times the diameter of the bullet, while the lead breaks up and the fragments lacerate the wound like a charge of shot. This makes the Express rifle the best known for all game not provided with thick hides. The flat trajectory is the greatest advantage, since the same aim which would send a ball through a deer's head at 50 yards will not miss the lower part of his neck at 200 yards, and the only difference between the two ranges to the marksman is that he takes a very fine sight at 50 and a coarse one at 200 yards.

But our readers will say "what is this to us?"

We cannot afford to buy English Express rifles.

We want to know how to shoot well with a common Remington or Sharp's or Ballard, such as we can buy inside of fifty dollars?

Well, each and all of these can now be taken into Express rifles for the time being, simply by buying "Express" bullets, and adding "Express" sights to the rifle.

The difference of drop between a long-range bullet and an Express bullet with the same charge has been settled by experiments recently made by Mr. Davidson, the Superintendent of Sporting Rifles for the Providence Tool Company, the manufacturers of the Peabody-Martini rifle.

The sights were not changed in going from 100 to 200 yards and the aim was taken at the same place from a rest every time. The results are as follows:

LONG RANGE .44 CALIBRE RIFLE. The drop of the bullet in going from 100 to 200 yards with Express bullets proved to be from 7 to 9 inches; with a long-range bullet the drop was 2 3/4 feet. Going back to 250 yards the drop was only from 3 to 5 inches more with the Express rifle.

MID-RANGE .40 CALIBRE RIFLE. The drop

from 100 to 200 yards with Express bullets was 8 to 11 inches. With the Winchester rifle it was 2 feet.

Thus it will be seen that if a deer were running past at any unknown distance within 200 yards the man using Express bullets could take nearly the same sight every time and hit his game when the man using the heavy bullets would miss if he made any miscalculation of distance.

The Express bullet as now made by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company has the hollow run from the point backward and the air is kept out by a copper tube like a cartridge. If this be loaded with powder and fulminate, the bullet becomes explosive on striking and will bring down almost any animal.

Handling Firearms.

ALL young men are fond of firearms, but almost all are careless in their use. Here are three instances happening in one day, which we extract from the daily papers. All are telegrams:

CINCINNATI, Nov. 21.—At Brookfield, Wisconsin, yesterday, James Donelson, a young lad, three years old, in the pocket of which was a loaded pistol, shot the pistol, the ball entering the head of Charles W. Weller, and instantly killing him.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Nov. 21.—Samuel Moore, of this city, while hunting near Mendham, yesterday, shot himself through the right arm near the shoulder.

All these accidents are due to just one thing—carelessness, and most of the carelessness is due to ignorance. The best way to learn the dangers of careless handling of firearms is to learn to shoot straight till you are sure to hit your mark. A person who can do this is hardly ever careless with firearms, for he has become used to them. We therefore strongly advise those of our readers who possess firearms to make a point of never taking them out hunting till they have learned how to strike a target every time. It is the bad shots and over-eager bunglers that shoot their companions, never the crack-shots.

Air-guns.

THE son of Mr. Louis Banderlin of 251 Conover street, Brooklyn, while passing quietly through the street in which he lived, was lately struck in the forehead by a bullet which entered the brain. The police investigated the matter and found that George Curnow of 136 Partition street had been practicing at a target in his back yard with an air-gun, and that a stray bullet from this weapon had done the mischief. Curnow was held to await the result of the boy's injuries. This should be a warning to owners of air-guns. There is no less risk in practicing with such a weapon outside of a regular shooting gallery than there is with a loaded rifle. The very absence of report increases the danger.

Rod and Gun Notes.

MR. W. BROADWAY won the annual handicap meeting of the Long Island Gun Club, at Dexter Park, Jamaica, L. I., Nov. 22.

SERGEANT G. E. PASCO, of the Washington Grays of New York city, won the annual champion match of his troop, at Creedmoor, Nov. 21st.

THE members of the Fountain Gun Club shot at the Brooklyn Driving Park, Nov. 20th and 21st, for a breach-loading shot-gun. The first day there was a tie between Messrs. De Fraine, Eddy, Watts and Madison, each of whom made only one miss in seven shots, at twenty-five yards, on the wing. Next day there was a great crowd to see the tie shot off, and again it was undecided at the first trial, each man missing only one out of seven. A second trial, of three shots each, left Madison and Watts ahead with no miss. They took three more trials, or nine shots in all, to decide the question of superiority in favor of Madison. This was one of the closest amateur matches of the season.

THE best advice in smallest space that we have seen for some time is this from *Forest and Stream*. Don't point your gun at yourself. Don't point your gun at any one else. Don't carry your gun so that its range includes all your hunting companions. Don't try to find out whether your gun is loaded or not by shutting one eye and looking down the barrel with the other. Don't use your gun for a walking-stick. Don't climb over a fence and pull your gun through muzzles foremost. Don't throw your gun into a boat so that the trigger will catch in the seat, and the charge be deposited in your stomach. Don't use the gun for a sledge-hammer. Don't carry your gun full cased. Don't carry your gun with the hammer down. Don't be a fool. Don't you forget it.

Yachting and Rowing.

Yachting and Rowing Notes.

THE Yale University Boat Club has refused to row Harvard for the single scull college championship, next summer, on the ground that it would spoil the great college race, both by taking away a valuable man and distracting public attention from the principal issue.

THE interest of yachting during the present winter will probably center in ice-boat races, and no place is so famous for these contests as New York State, especially on the Hudson river. We hope that any of our readers who are interested in this pastime will send us accounts of matches in their vicinity. If the snow does not come down early.

STILL one more race before the boats are laid up for good till spring. A St. Louis telegram, Nov. 17th, says: "An exciting four-oared boat race took place this afternoon, on the river opposite the city, between the Modoc and St. Louis crews. The course was from the southern wall of the arsenal up-stream to stake-boats stationed about one hundred yards below the bridge and return to starting-point. The distance was about six miles. The contest was close and spirited throughout, and resulted in a victory for the St. Louis crew by half a length, Time, 47m. 30s.

ALTHOUGH not quite in the yachting line, the exploits of whalers certainly have much to do with rowing, as without a good deal of hard work at the oar no whale would be caught.

The business of whaling has changed very much within the past twenty years, and is now almost monopolized by steam-whalers from Dundee, Scotland, who go up Baffin's Bay to Smith's Sound. This year, unhappily, the story which the whalers bring back is very sad. Smith's Sound has proved full of ice. Even Melville Bay, where in times gone by the whales have been most plentiful and the sport most satisfactory, has been completely blocked by the terrible floe.

Captain Adams, according to a Dundee paper, has only one fish on board his great steamer, the Jan Mayen brings but two; and, as for the rest of the flotilla, four vessels bring one whale apiece, and there the record ends. We should hardly, therefore, advise any of our young readers to go a-whaling for the next few years. There is no fun in it—nothing but work.



The Chicken Question.

ALMOST every boy likes chickens, few men also who don't, and it is a simple, harmless pleasure, this poultry-keeping, and an extremely interesting one too. Boys will be boys, and it is a great deal better to have them busied with their feathered pets at home, than to have them away from home and engaged in, perhaps, questionable pursuits.

The care of poultry is very simple, when you know how, and that is what I propose to tell.

First and foremost, the coop; almost anything will do for a chicken-house, provided that the structure be big enough to amply accommodate the fowls that you put into it; the roof must be water-tight, the sides carefully battened so that no cracks shall give entrance to the winds, and, if possible, have a window in the south side that in the winter time the rays of the health-giving sun can find entrance. The size of the coop should be in proportion to the number of fowls, allowing about one square yard to each fowl. The height is a matter of indifference, except that for the convenience of cleaning and getting the fowls, it should be large enough for the owner to enter easily. Allow one foot of roost to each bird. Place the roost about two feet from the floor; under it put the nest-boxes, covered by a broad board to receive the manure from the fowls; the nest-boxes open at the front, so that the hens can get in to lay. Nest-boxes should be about 18x18, filled with fine-cut straw or hay, and with a nest egg in each box.

Keep clean water always before the fowls, for food, give a variety, for the "biddies" like change of diet as well as their masters. Feed cracked corn for a week, then buckwheat, then screenings, being careful to get good screenings, or "chicken-feed," as it is called in our large cities. For soft food put equal parts of bran, Indian meal and ground oats into a kettle and pour a small quantity of boiling water over it, just enough to cook it, and stir the mixture with a large spoon; in winter time season with red pepper. The mess must be soft but crumbly. If it is too wet put it in the oven and bake it for an hour. When you feed soft food always give it in the morning meal and grain at night. Two meals per day is enough with a handful of grain at dinner-time, just to amuse them. Never feed from a dish if you can help it; always scatter the food over the yard, and in the case of soft food place it on a long board so that all can get a share, otherwise the strong birds will drive away the weak ones. I don't believe much in whole corn, except for setting hens, or for the evening feed in winter time.

There are a great many beautiful breeds, and one is somewhat at a loss which to recommend, as much depends upon the location, etc. The Leghorns are excellent layers, but not very good for the table; the

